









# ON THE WAVE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

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BY BUEL CONKLIN.

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## PREFACE.

To say that we are careless of the impression which our labours may stamp upon the public mind, would be both remote from our aim and inconsistent with a generous purpose ; yet, with the certainty of displeasing most, I have only to offer for the issue of the present incomplete and in many ways defective work, the hope which has given origin to it, that, in enabling me to retain possession of that spot which the memory of past generations and the recollections of my youth have rendered dear to me, it may offer to me that asylum of future leisure and retirement that shall be crowned with the consummation of an effort that, to use the expression of a greater, the public shall not willingly let die.

Providence may deny us the fulfillment of the latter

expectation, as fortune may defeat us of the former, but to hope for less would be unworthy of the effort.

In conclusion, I would only remark that, should this venture meet with the leniency and encouragement which shall warrant a further publication, the continuation of the main subject of the present volume and of the versification of Ossian will be speedily offered to the press.

COLD SPRING, L. I., *March 1st.*



# ON THE WAVE.

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## CANTO FIRST.

CHASTE Contemplation come — now while the  
hearth

Glows with the cheerful embers, and the wind  
Howls pitiless along the snow-clad earth,  
And icy chains the crystal waters bind,  
Where silent streams through naked wood-  
lands wind,

Fain would my Muse obedient to thy wand  
Recall from the oblivion of the mind  
The shadowy scenes, the romantic of a land  
Fair in its stately palms, its streams, and moun-  
tains grand.

But that the time to less ambitious themes  
Directs us and the many cares of life,

That ever mounting to alloy the dreams  
Of that bright land and fill with inward strife,  
Preclude the effort and the soul deprive  
Of that blest calm, so needful to our task :  
Oh, may that happiest hour to us arrive,  
Of leisure, while remains the force, to unmask  
The theme of labored thought ; 'tis all of time  
I ask.

Meanwhile as fancy prompts, do thou portray,  
O Muse, our fortune on the pathless main ;  
With various thought, speed thou the time away  
While storms endanger or while calms detain,  
Until the lofty summits of the chain  
Of cloud-clothed Andes, dawn upon our sense,  
And the wild, wooded hills of Darien,  
Nature's great pathway thro' the depths immense,  
Arise to reunite her sister continents.

There rest thy wing, till time thro' loftier flight  
And brighter scenes again shall point the way ;  
When Autumn pours around her checkered light  
On faded fields and over woodlands gray,

Then, if your judgment shall approve our lay,  
Ye who first taught our infant Muse to sing,  
And with increasing interest watched essay  
To rise superior on the epic wing,  
Again our hand may wake the harp's harmonious  
string.

But thou, my Muse, ere yet thy task shall end,  
One effort still I ask, to friendship due :  
Oh, let not gratitude forget to lend  
Its heartfelt tribute to our verse, but through  
Each part let all her virtues blend anew :  
She who e'en with parental hand and care  
Us through the lovely round of nature drew,  
And taught in every stream and floweret fair,  
The hidden hand of Heaven to find imprinted  
there.

Now had the year revolved and the slant sun,  
'Mid circumambient mists and tempests born,  
His journey through Aquarius had begun,  
And northward beat the way from Capricorn :  
Still brighter glowing each successive morn,  
When with all sail spread to the favouring wind,

And from its faithful hold the anchor torn,  
We left the twin-born cities fast behind,  
Whose shores the white-winged ships of commerce widely lined.

Far to the south our devious course we lay,  
To climes remote from Winter's rule severe :  
Where brighter suns diffuse a brighter day,  
And Summer, sweet companion of the year,  
Is constant ever, and is ever dear.  
Along our side, the billows calmly blue,  
In slow succession rise and disappear ;  
So fade the distant cities from our view,  
Till lost in the remote horizon's azure hue.

Still on our right the shores of Jersey lay,  
In all the bleakness of the wintry reign ;  
No more her toiling sons devote the day  
To the rude labors of the fallow plain ;  
Content in ease, to spend the summer's gain ;  
Or with the whirling flail and peasant might,  
From Autumn's golden sheaves they beat the grain :  
In retrospective view, their chief delight,

And by the social hearth to pass the hour at  
night.

And thou, fair isle, shall I behold no more  
Thy wooded summits and thy silvery streams,  
Where childhood's bright-winged moments  
glided o'er,  
Half in reality and half in dreams?  
Oh, this indeed is parting, all it seems—  
A sudden weight of woe subdues my soul,  
With the sad thought, that nevermore the  
beams  
Of day, for us o'er that bright spot may roll,  
Toward which life's hopes all turn, as systems to  
their pole.

It is as though the sun itself were torn  
From earth away—and the reality  
To come, burst sudden on the mind—forlorn,  
In all its future prospect: Oh, to be  
Thus snatched from all we love—whom not  
to see,  
Will sadden all our being, and from scenes  
Endeared from childhood's earliest memory,

Which from our thoughts nor time nor distance  
    weans,  
Nor fancy can forget when slumber intervenes.

And ye, alas ! oh, who will smooth the way,  
    That toward the grave conducts your quick-  
    ening pace ?

Ye who first gave my being to the day,  
    And taught my faltering steps life's upright  
    race.

Gray with impending years and with the trace  
Of weighty care and sorrow's blighting hand,  
    Deeply engraven on the time-worn face,  
Lo ! now where wintry age, along the land,  
Stern in its look descends ; stern, yet severely  
    grand.

Sad, yet to hard necessity resigned,  
    I see you gazing o'er the desolate scene  
Of ice-bound waves and hills in snow enshrined ;  
    Gray in their naked woodlands, late so green ;  
    And over which, so recent fell the sheen  
Of Autumn's many hues and softened light :  
    Yet hope still sits upon the brow serene ;

And with her sun-tipt wing wafts off the night,  
That rushes on the soul at the overwhelming  
sight.

She points you to a brighter year, when Spring  
Shall come to enliven all the scene again ;  
And joyful, from her flowing lap shall fling  
The flowery mantle o'er the ravaged plain.  
Then shall the morn awaken with the strain  
Of many happy voices joined in one ;  
Then fields grow green again with springing  
grain  
And Plenty from her horn, on toils begun,  
The crowning promise pour of large reward  
when done.

Then through familiar walks, through verdant  
bowers,  
Where the fair rose and fragrant woodbine  
climb,  
'Twill please again to wander ; amid flowers  
And woodland melody to pass the time ;  
And oft with voice subdued, to swell the  
chime,

Of heartfelt gratitude, that, uncompelled,  
Burst from all nature, to her God sublime ;  
From bird and brute and insect close concealed,  
O'er hill and lowly vale, through forest and  
through field.

There, as along the winding paths ye tread,  
With admiration mute, or pensive mind,  
Oft shall the kind, parental tear be shed,  
As from the way ye turn aside to find,  
My name engraven deep in the smooth rind  
Of weeping birch or tall aspiring fir ;  
And sad recall, how oft in love conjoined  
We wandered there in summers past, with her  
Whom from the heavenward path, no trials  
could deter.

Mild was the voice of her, that gentle friend  
Of early years, the days that come no more :  
Oft in my silent thoughts its tones ascend,  
Responsive echoing to the shadowy shore :  
They come familiar, as in days before ;  
And dwell amid my grief, like beams of light,  
That with the early morning wander o'er



Veragua's thousand hills and mingle bright  
With the gray mists that dwell still in the steps  
of night.

Her shade yet wanders through familiar ways :  
The still, the lonely paths of silent thought :  
Her voice is in the sighing wind that strays  
Through Autumn pines ; her falling steps are  
caught  
Amid the rustling leaves; her smile oft brought  
To mind, by modest flowers that lonely bloom,  
Near fading woodlands, once her loved resort,  
When o'er the Autumnal fields the sunbeams  
roam,  
And the silence of the grove is heard amid its  
gloom.

By moonlit banks, near which the cadence  
soft,  
Of Summer waves upon the pebbly shore,  
Rose pleasant to the ear, repeating oft,  
In dying whispers, ocean's solemn roar ;  
By reddening groves, where youthful maids  
explore

The rustling leaves, in mild October days—

Brimful of mirth—for Autumn's nutty store,  
By sheltered hillsides where the slanting rays  
Of winter fell serene and tempted to the place ;

By sparkling streams, that bright in spring descend,

From mossy hills rejoicing in their flow,  
Thence thro' green fields, thro' flowery pastures  
wend,

Where herds to bleating flocks responsive low ;  
By all in nature lovely here below,  
All that to higher thought conducts the mind.

Or fans in human breasts love's virtuous glow,  
Or through mild melancholy's shades inclined,  
To the pure fount conducts, of feeling, deep, refined,

How was our wont to wander, how enjoy,

Ye banks, ye murmuring waters, ye can tell :  
Ye woodland pastimes, free from the alloy  
Of life's accumulating cares that dwell  
Close partners of our thoughts: ye streams that  
well

Deep from the silent hills and sweetly stray  
Among the rocks of the wild echoing dell,  
Where light and shadows softly mingled play ;  
And ye, mild, pleasing shades of melancholy say.

Oh, paths deserted, oh, neglected flowers !  
Soon shall her rustling step be heard no more ;  
No more her prayers call down the gentle showers,  
No more her hand the drooping stem restore.  
Ne'er shall her form be seen by moonlit shore ;  
Nor joyous laugh, the ear delighted fill :  
Her shade no longer darken in the door ;  
No more her voice come from the silent hill :  
Sad Echo repeats no more—no more—her voice  
is still.

How well does Fancy picture every scene  
Of that dear spot which childhood called its  
own,  
Each flowery bordered walk and sloping green ;  
Each tree by some endearment early known.  
My sire there planted them and they have  
grown

With me from childhood to their stately forms ;  
How bright, alas ! how soon the years have  
    flown,  
And from the shelter of parental arms,  
Reared to the encounter stern, of life's relentless  
    storms.

Soon as the year with renovated power  
Shot forth the tender bulb from the dank ground,  
And sweetest and the earliest to flower,  
The modest violet shed its fragrance round,  
Glad did I issue forth, within your bound,  
Ye scenes, dear cradle of my Muse, to share  
The bliss infectious, which in every sound,  
In every object of the earth and air,  
With sweet accord of aim, divulged its presence  
    there.

As the glad bee, with Spring's enlivening beam,  
Forth issuing from the hive upon the wing,  
With busy hum, by hillside and by stream,  
Flies where the earliest blossoms of the Spring  
Upon the softened winds their odours fling,

So did I wander there in blithest mood,  
Soon as the returning birds began to sing;  
Nor longer blighted by the tempest rude,  
The tender leaflets fringed again the lofty wood.

Ye scenes dear to remembrance next to those  
Who breathed the living spirit through your  
shades,

When life at length is nearing to its close,  
And the fond dream of childhood slowly fades,  
Oh may kind fortune to your pleasant glades  
Again my errant steps haply return :

There while the frosty damp of age invades,  
To pass the remaining days in peace, and learn  
To trim the lamp of faith till it shall brightly burn.

Though change should come to mar each well-  
known scene,

And nature riot through thy once trim bowers,  
Still should I not delighted roam between

Thy tangled copses and neglected flowers,  
Thou Eden of my childhood's happiest hours?  
And still derive a melancholy joy,

In tracing, albeit with fancy's waning powers,

Each mazy round, well pleased with such employ,  
As when I wandered there a careless, happy boy :

And climb again the heights from whence to  
view

New England's sister hills, and all the scene  
Of vale and curving shore and waters blue,  
That in extension fair lay stretched between?  
Not oft more pleasing sight the eye hath seen  
Than from thy mossy hills it hath surveyed

When Summer's setting sun looked down  
serene

Upon the silent waters, and the shade  
Of pensive twilight stole along the neighbouring  
glade.

Those scenes may change to others, but to me  
Time still untouched should leave some charm  
behind ;

And what its hand defaced, in memory  
Fancy the ready image still would find  
To fill each part endeared to the mind :  
Still should I pause beneath thy rustling trees  
To hear the wandering spirit of your wind :

But lo ! grim Winter comes upon the breeze,  
And with his frosty breath uplifts his whitening  
    seas.

Farewell, ye hills concealed in Arctic snow :

    Ye frosty vales from whence a thousand streams  
Of blue-wreathed smoke through the keen air  
    upflow,

    From peaceful fireside hearths, around which  
    beams

    The light of warm affection, and the dreams  
Of life, in all its various changes dwell :

    Ye scenes, adieu—adieu ye lakes and streams—  
Bound in the icy chain of Winter's spell ;  
And all ye naked woods and windy plains,  
    farewell.

How sad an echo falls upon the heart—

    'Tis the response of loved ones from the shore,  
Whose voices though the external ear hears not,  
    Whose forms though outward vision sees no  
    more,

    Yet hath the soul the power, perhaps, to ex-  
    plore

Beyond the range of circumscribing sense :  
Nor earth a veil or shadow casts before  
The spiritual eye ; nor medium hath so dense  
The soul cannot transpierce : nor distance so immense.

Consolatory thought, sublime if true :  
Though false consolatory still unknown.  
Man, the weak creature of contracted view,  
Unhappy exile of a foreign zone,  
To deeper guilt, profounder darkness prone,  
Still with instinctive light, sighs to regain  
The exalted sphere of consciousness his own,  
Ere yet the sad inheritant of pain,  
He wandered forth on earth from Eden's blest domain.

Oh, as the starry realms that move above  
In paths concentric with their orb of light,  
Or the mysterious comets that far rove  
Through intersolar space obscure in night,  
Yet to the sun again direct their flight ;  
As to its fount, whence life and light evolve,  
The errant soul seeks to return of right,



As hope, as friendship, love, and faith revolve  
Around their earth-born source, regenerate in  
    resolve,

So in communion may our spirit dwell

    With those we leave behind us, while afar  
We roam on earth and memory weaves her spell,  
    To bind us still to those that dearest are,  
    As binds the attractive force, the erratic star  
Unto its orbit round the central sun :

    And captive led to love's triumphal car,  
Like heaven's lost meteor, whence its course  
    begun,

So may our wandering feet to childhood scenes  
    be won.

Farewell once more ; my native isle, farewell :

    Oh, let us still defer the final pain  
Of this sad parting ; sad as which befell

    Our parents, when from Eden's blest domain  
They wandered forth, ne'er to return again :  
And such my fate, ne'er to return, may be :

    Yet o'er the bosom of the pathless main,  
Led by the instinctive light of love, in memory  
Oft shall I wander back, dear native isle, to thee.

The swift-winged hours pass on, the orb of light  
From the high zenith of his power descends  
With milder radiance to meet the night—

She, the staid consort of his course, where ends  
His daily triumph, from the hills extends  
Her shadowy arms to welcome his embrace ;

Thence, while eclipsed the luminary wends  
Triumphant in her turn with lesser blaze,  
Forth to conduct her suns from starry realms of  
space.

The morn, how soon the noon, the night succeed !

How soon are past, gone never to return.  
Their round to-morrow's sun again shall lead ;  
For us it may not, haply, what the urn  
Of fate contains, Heaven leaves us not to learn ;  
Till time reveals the glad or stern decree.

Our joy is in the past ; could we discern  
The future of our lives, it would but be  
To o'erwhelm us with the force of its vast misery.

The Day has past, majestic Night has come—

Still night, that brings to weary thought relief :  
Mild solacer of anxious care to some ;  
To some, the gentle confidant of grief.

With her oblivion comes the welcome thief  
That robs us of our tedious hours of pain,  
And to the contrite brings Heaven's mild  
    reprieve,  
With faith and resolution to sustain  
The doubtful ray of hope, hope ever prone to  
    wane.

Oh, night, grave night, preferred to weary day;  
    Blest period of repose, when the soul seems  
To leave awhile the encumbrance of clay,  
    To wander by the silent flowing streams  
    With the immortal in the land of dreams:  
The intermediate sphere of heaven and earth,  
    Where light celestial mingles with the beams  
Of temporal worlds, and they of heavenly  
    birth,  
In near communion stoop, to man of fallen  
    worth.

Welcome, thou kind restorer of our bliss—  
    Come with thy sweet oblivion of our cares;  
Sleep with thy downy wing, do thou dismiss  
    The busy world with all its vain affairs.

Thou comest, not heedless of our urgent  
prayers,

• And with thy silent wing dost round us spread  
The gentle influence of all balmy airs ;  
Thou comest, and with thee from the silent  
dead

In real or fancied form, the spectral world are led.

On luminous wings formed from the sunbeams  
bright,

Fixed in eternal radiance they come ;  
The ethereal medium rolling into light,  
Compared with which, earth's brightness is  
but gloom.

Behold, e'en now they advance ; ye clouds,  
make room ;

Wave your fair palms, ye hills, in sign of joy ;  
Mount, oh my soul, your wings of light assume ;  
Oh, bid farewell to earth and its allôy ;  
Haste, thou immortal flame, thy heavenward  
flight employ.

'Tis but a dream, or lost remote in space,  
Heaven calls their onward flight another way.

Lo! nature takes again her wonted phase ;  
Time still advances, earth resumes its sway :  
That call the wandering spirit needs must  
obey,  
And to the shadowy vale of life again  
Repair, to await the summons of the day,  
The remand to toil, for moments passed in vain :  
The kind extension given, probationary pain.

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## CANTO SECOND.

BEHOLD, Aurora from the eastern wave  
Ascends, where nightly ere the shades retire,  
She stoops her in the limpid flood to lave,  
Then turns to meet the genial god of fire.  
Bright from the silent deep he comes, the sire,  
Of venerating earth whom darkness dreads :  
His advent, nature pauses to admire ;  
From sphere to sphere the mild advertence  
spreads,  
Till heaven records the return of the blest light  
it sheds.

Unending triumph—always hailed with joy  
In act of rising by the sons of earth—  
No veneration mingled with alloy,  
No fulsome praise paid to unequal worth  
Swells the full heart of man to hail thy birth.  
The hills, the seas rejoice to meet thy rays,  
All nature wakes to light, to life and mirth,  
As the great billow of earth's ceaseless praise,  
Like ocean's tidal wave, rolls onward round its  
face.

The Day ascends, the wave of joy that flows  
To greet his coming rolls on in advance;  
Man, as the dazzling splendor brighter glows,  
Turns to the sober earth unequal glance;  
Whence the reflected glories rise to entrance,  
In many a varied form, the enraptured eye;  
Thus serving by comparison to enhance  
The day's surpassing splendor as on high,  
In its triumphal march, it rolls along the sky.

How lovely lies the deep, the calm blue sea!  
The full of majesty, the old of days.  
Beneath the beam in mild tranquillity  
It sleeps, yet all its slumbering might displays

In the deep silence of its wide embrace.  
So, the gorged lion, conscious of his right  
As king of wilds, the approach of man surveys;  
Unmoved by anger, indisposed to flight,  
Yet in his calm survey shows all his native  
might.

Oh, thou of chaos sprung and night's broad sway,  
First from the Eternal Spirit procreate;  
Thou from whose womb sprang to the embrace  
of day,  
Earth with all being in multifarious state;  
Thou who devouredst thine offspring in thy  
hate,  
Mankind too deep in guilt to be absolved,  
Yet on thy bosom nursed the infant fate  
Of a new world from thence again evolved,  
As ere the birth of time was in high heaven  
resolved,

Great ocean, hail! all-present element!  
Thou who dost set the limits unto earth—  
To various man, the various extent  
Of empire metest to his fallen worth.

Thou of whom Heaven alone recordest the  
birth,  
Of whom the spheres harmonious sing, whence  
came

Thy flood mysterious—in prehistoric mirth,  
On the high mountains thou hast writ thy  
name—

In deserts and on rocks left record of thy fame.

Great instrument of Heaven's creative will—

Source of all life with which earth burdened  
wings;

Sublimity of thought, of power, of skill,

Type of the unknown, the Infinite whence  
springs

The First, Great Cause of all essential things;  
While now thy power my Muse calls to preside,

And to thy shrine her votive offering brings,  
Strong as thy billows, as thy swelling tide,  
So may our theme enlarge, the verse majestic  
glide.

Enduring Flood—what does mankind not owe  
To thy protective, omnipresent hand?



From whence innumerable blessings flow,  
Like kindly fountains in a desert land.  
Thy waves obedient to Divine command,  
From Earth's rough hills have formed her fruitful plains ;  
Thy waters fertilize her thirsty sand—  
Thine arm dividest her too broad domains,  
And the aggressive foot of Pride and Power  
restrains.

In the first ages of the world, mankind  
Harmonious tilled earth's then continuous  
plain,  
Till pride and avarice with ambition joined  
To blunt the edge of justice and maintain  
Of wide dissension the unhappy reign.  
Then *murder* bared his arm, and unrestrained,  
Spread universal terror through the plain ;  
Till Heaven, incensed, in its just ire ordained  
An end to all man's race, save those the ark  
contained.

Yet vice still dwelt fixed in the human breast ;  
Not unforejudged of Heaven, but from the days

Of Adam and of Cain, the sad bequest  
Of time to each succeeding age and race ;  
And still with man and earth's renewed phase,  
Destined again to spread, as from its source,  
Weak and unknown, some mighty river strays,  
Augmenting, till with the o'erwhelming force  
Of many mingled tides, it rolls along its course.

Had not the Allwise, what time the flood retraced  
Its rise, earth's form remodeled, whereby land  
From land was thence divided and effaced,  
What stood superfluous to the Maker's hand ;  
That thence forth on, man's late united band,  
Should dwell in lands by seas remote disjoined,  
And individual vices that expand  
To national evils, thereby be confined ;  
To nations a rebuke, not to blot ail mankind.

Through the new world, the savage and the race  
From civilization fallen to the abyss  
Of cannibalism, dwelt in various phase—  
Whom Lucifer, prince of infernal skies,  
Skilled in all arts of greatness or of vice ;  
Through Asia, China, and the barbaric horde,  
From India's mongrel source that takes its rise,

By inland floods and deserts scarce explored,  
From Christian lands withheld, till to new faith  
restored.

Afric to the degenerate sons was given,  
Of Canaan, thither from the chosen land,  
Of persecuting kindred early driven—  
Cursed with the sign of Heaven's first reprimand—

Where, by the deep and Ocean's desert sand,  
Encompassed and secluded from mankind,  
In the dark reign of sin's benighting hand,  
They dwelt unhaply, but for man less blind,  
Haply to desert wilds, remotely thus confined.

Exiled and wandering from the paths of grace,  
Till Heaven relenting, man should cease to wage  
The exterminating war of race with race,  
That stained the annals of his earlier stage,  
And mild humanity arise to assuage,  
With the fair promise of a happier state,  
The asperity with which, from age to age,  
Their days were lengthened by the hand of fate,  
Beneath the curse of Heaven, fulfilled in human  
hate.

Nor less man to thine arm, thou mighty sea,  
The preservation of art and science owes,  
Than the fulfilment of the destiny  
Of race distinctive to time's latest close.  
Art in the earlier stages whence man rose,  
Coy and unpolished roamed earth's wild domain ;  
Or only seen where peaceful flocks repose,  
In simple habit of the ungraceful swain,  
Sporting with shepherds rude upon the abandoned plain.

But in the laps of ages man at length  
Forsook the life nomadic of his race,  
And seeking safety in united strength,  
From growing strife and pride's imperious  
ways,  
The walls of mighty towns essayed to raise.  
Then Art, emerging from her native shade,  
Gave to the rising work the touch of grace,  
And sought to impress, in column and arcade,  
Whatever of sublime in nature is displayed.

And Science, from the clouds descending, came  
To Art's assistance, whence, with wondrous  
toil,

They builded to themselves a lasting name  
Where Nile enriches Egypt's fruitful soil ;  
Then through the Hellenic fields, blest with  
the spoil  
Of peaceful flocks and flowing with the Muse,  
When Discord had at length ceased to embroil,  
Art with her handmaid Science sought to infuse  
The touch of perfect grace through all of man's  
produce.

Thence rose those stately temples whose remains  
The admiration won, justly bestowed,  
Of all succeeding time, till Grecian plains  
Became the field of classic Art's abode.  
Yet later on the Latin soil, Art sowed  
Her noblest gems of architectural grace,  
And in the triumph of the conquerors rode  
To the supinest honors of the race :  
The glory of their time and of their vanished days.

But when from the vague regions of the north,  
As from its hive a swarm of angry bees,  
The horde of fierce Barbarians issuing forth  
Like a vast conflagration in the breeze,

Spread devastation to the unbending knees  
Of Rome, the eternal city to whose head  
Bowed kingly power and principalities,  
To the devouring flames then Learning wed  
Her treasures in despair, and Art and Science fled.

Heaven then, whose foresight no event eludes,  
By Ocean's outstretched arm screened their  
demise,  
While wandering lone in desert solitudes,  
They sought a safer field in which to rise.  
Long in Arabian tents, in shepherd guise,  
They dwelt obscure, whence to emerge at last,  
As from their ark of safety, to the skies  
Of the Alhambra, when, the tempest past,  
The wrecked affairs of man Peace had again re-  
cast.

Then the Dark Age o'er Christendom anew  
Diffused the gloom of its oblivious reign,  
And Learning for a period withdrew  
To a remote corner of the earth's domain,  
Where the Icelandic Muse the scanty plain  
Tilled beyond range of man's ambitious mind,

And Ocean on its bosom nursed again  
The immortal genius of the past, consigned  
In safety till the return of reason to mankind.

Not yet had Science taught earth's conquerors  
The path to empire still beyond the sea,  
Where the wise Ruler of the universe  
Had builded the broad land of Liberty—  
Home of the brave, the birthright of the free—  
From the ambitious tyrants of our race,  
Withheld till Freedom's cause in unity,  
With truth and justice, should demand a place  
Whereon to build their reign upon a broader base.

Then to the New World, thou Ocean, held before  
Impassable, safe conduct gave to one,  
Whom heaven and vast adventure called to ex-  
plore  
The path of Progress toward the setting sun ;  
Where Freedom, dawning with the night be-  
gun  
Of effete empire, waited to receive  
With hand of welcome, denied erewhile to  
none,

The oppressed of every land who for relief  
Fled the despotic arm of power and bigot belief.

Nor less thy later sons, Columbia, owe  
To Ocean's wise division of our sphere,  
The safety of their shores from foreign foe  
Inflated by successful war's career,  
Than they of old, our Saxon sires, appear  
To have owed to their alliance with the sea,  
That liberty to every Briton dear,  
Who with less than parental equity,  
Us would have forced unwise to bow the subject  
knee.

Witness, ye lands, when Gaul's mad despot  
merged

All Europe in one field of human gore,  
And thrones and empires to destruction verged,  
Witness how Ocean guarded then our shore  
From the fierce rage of all-involving war:  
Since, irrepressible held beyond the main,  
Or slumbering only for a time to restore  
Its spent resources, thence to rise again  
With still increasing dread and ruin in its train.



Conscience then ruled the transatlantic mind,  
And jealous of the universal good,  
The individual will its grasp resigned :  
Nor may the hand of despots cross the flood  
To fix injustice and the reign of blood  
Upon thy shores, blest of all tongues that speak—  
Nor let the sons of Liberty to stud  
Her crown with glory, Heaven's displeasure seek  
By joining in the old world oppression of the  
weak.

Nor be the ambition to control the fates  
Of kindred powers, the basis of our ties  
Of mutual intercourse with neighbouring States.  
Extended empire breeds extended vice,  
And to imperious rule gives room to rise,  
With the fair prospect of unpunished sway—  
Nor can the hand of justice e'en chastise  
Always the offender ere the mind gives way,  
And ripe Rebellion springs armed to the light  
of day.

Within the spacious limits which the will  
Of the Divine Creator through the laws

Of nature has established to fulfill  
The sacred mission of fair Freedom's cause,  
Contented let thy sons, Columbia, pause—  
Nor look beyond their continental seas  
For fields of future power or fame's applause :  
In peaceful arts, in science and the increase  
Of virtue and of truth, their greater glory these.

Nor if, in the contiguous continent,  
The hand of Heaven may have abandoned man  
To lasting discord in just punishment  
Of vice inherent, be it ours to fan  
The party strife : nor interference plan,  
Save in behalf of wronged humanity,  
Or if to encourage Freedom's wavering van,  
And her probative field to guarantee  
From the too meddling rule of lands beyond  
the sea.

Where the Atlantic o'er their mutual strand,  
Wooes the Pacific to its rough embrace,  
And waits impatient of the tardy hand  
Of Progress to confer the crowning grace,  
There let Ambition stay her eager pace ;

Nor Justice, blinded by the desire of gold,  
To Avarice yield to accelerate the days  
Of unripe cession to our peaceful fold,  
Whence not with honour, wealth, or fame may  
be enrolled.

Thou, Ocean, be our bound, thou boundless sea,  
To whom our country, first of Heaven-blest  
shores,  
Owes the vast rise of its prosperity,  
And all the wealth of nature's ample stores :  
Thou whose broad bosom is the fruitful source  
Of all earth's wandering floods, which like the  
veins  
That build the human system in their course,  
Impart fertility to earth's domains,  
And with the signs of life, clothe its else desert  
plains.

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## CANTO THIRD.

STILL sleep the winds and silent as some lake,  
Their might the slumbering waters still sub-  
due ;

And the proud ship scarce longer leaves a wake  
In the smooth glass to note her progress thro'.  
Against the cloudless welkin's depth of blue,  
The drooping sails move idly to and fro;  
Reflected by the flood again to view:  
White from its azure depths like clouds that  
slow  
Along the hazy sides of distant mountains flow.

Thy silence, Ocean, brings not solitude,  
For solitude dwells not upon thy breast:  
She flies the contest of thy billows rude,  
Nor trusts the uncertain temper of thy rest.  
When most thou seemest lone, then most we  
invest  
Thy presence with the emblems of thy might,  
And thou dost shed o'er us an influence  
blest,  
Which lends the mariner's hours an easier flight,  
And in the calm of thought imparts a pure  
delight.

Thy lot, O seaman, were not one of toil,  
Were nature always constant in her mood:

But sometimes on the waves she pours her oil,  
Sometimes with tempest wakes the billows  
rude.

Now slumbering like an infant calm and nude ;  
Now rising with the madman's giant force ;  
Now like a weeping maiden all subdued,  
Dost thou not wrestle with her on thy course,  
Distrustful most, when least her wrathful temper  
soars?

But thou art nature's child, and on the breast  
Of pathless ocean art thou still at home :  
And let the angry billow rear its crest—  
Let the dark tempest of the midnight roam  
Demoniac on the waters till the foam  
Of ocean whelm thy labouring bark in spray,  
And the forked lightning cleave the o'erarch-  
ing dome  
Of midnight shadow, till the blinding ray  
Lights but the scene with deeper darkness to  
dismay,

Undaunted thou dost meet her terrors grave,  
And with the hand of death laid on thine arm,

Dost battle with the might of wind and wave.

And every force of nature raised to harm.

Thou darest her not ; or if she wake alarm,  
'Tis but the sudden impulse of the child

That fears chastisement of the maternal  
palm,

Yet clings unto the hand that drives it wild,

And with the threatened pain at length grows  
half beguiled.

And cradled in the lap of ocean, thou

Dost watch on wave and sky her many signs,  
Intelligent, as from its mother's brow,

With dawning intellect the babe divines

Her secret joy, or reads thereon the lines  
Of pain or passion, of reproof or love :

Yet dost thou sport with fortune, whether  
shines

The day, or hides itself in clouds above ;

Or if the night of storm succeed the day's re-  
move.

Yon mist unto the sun radiant ascending,

Speaks it not to thine eye of tempest near :

Of the stern billow and the wild wind wending,  
With death and ruin in its swift career?

But so it is, that nature's side severe,  
Clothed in some form of beauty lures thy  
thought

From toil and danger and from shipwreck  
near,

The dread attendants of thy checkered lot,  
As from the conjured things of fancy that are not.

And so it should be—let the hour advance

Oblivious of the future's gathering night ;

• And be our lot cast on the wave of chance,

What reck we, so the present be but bright ?

Nature so mingles with our joy her spite,

That fain we would forget the evil time

For one short hour of unalloyed delight :

And we would seek through clime and unknown  
clime,

Amid the wreck of worlds, one view of the  
sublime.

Ocean, thou art silent—dost thou give no sign  
Of kindred life and feeling—thou the strong ?

And the dark winds that kiss thy waves supine,  
Or lift their crests, where tarry they so long?  
So vast the silence is, it seems half wrong  
To wake the depths of nature from their sleep—  
E'en with the feeble effort of our song:  
Yet fancy wearied of the monotonous deep,  
Our sense of time's slow space in thought's wide  
realm would steep.

Oh thou, the solace of our hidden pain,  
Waft thou the hour harmonious on its way:  
Thou of the measured step and pensive train,  
Whose calm delight is by the banks to stray,  
Of Ocean's inland waves and grave or gay,  
With various song the flight of time to speed,  
Muse called—or inspiration, or the ray  
Bestowed of partial heaven—thou who canst read  
The origin of things and knows whence they  
lead,

Muse, say how nature in the endless round  
Of transmutation that yet never knew  
Rest or cessation, loss or force uncrown'd  
With just result in Wisdom's equal view,



Transforms the waters of the ocean blue  
Into the viewless vapour, which again  
On earth's green hills she leaves in sparkling  
dew,  
Or on her mountain sides in copious rain  
Pours from the brooding cloud to fertilize the  
plain.

Not with the magic power her clouds she builds,  
Or rears her vapours from the billowy sea ;  
Nor save with simple law of force distills  
The dewdrop and the bounteous rain sets free.  
But as in humbler toils of art we see  
Some aqueous mass by heat evolved in steam,  
Or in the denser vapour, thence to be  
Anew condensed, so, with the sun's bright beam,  
Her vapour and her clouds she builds from flood  
and stream.

But the laboratory of her skill,  
Where chiefly she the art creative plies  
In all the wondrous workings of the will  
Supreme, lies broad beneath the torrid skies :  
Where much that once held part in Paradise,

In which our parents dwelt supremely blest,  
Elaborated still is seen to rise ;  
Imperfect, but in contrast with the rest  
Of earth's perverted growth, obnoxious, vice  
impressed.

There the Simoon that blows on Indian seas,  
And the swift Trades that o'er the broad ex-  
panse  
Of the Atlantic in the northeast breeze,  
Or in the southeast near the line advance  
With steady impulse, and all winds of chance  
That flow to fill nature's vacuity,  
The fierce Typhoon whirled in destructive  
dance,  
And dread Sirocco from the burning sea  
Of Lybian sand that blows with hot asperity,  
These in their course beneath the torrid sun,  
Dispensing else insufferable day,  
The grateful moisture from the waters won,  
Absorb and to remotest climes convey ;  
Where nightly, as the tranquil skies display  
Their constellations with the evening shade,  
And Hesperus from the west her mellow ray,

In pleasing contrast through the night displayed,  
Sheds on the silent face of lake or flood embayed,

The dewy shower, the silent tears of grief,  
For her sad fall involved in man's lost race,  
In pearly drops then brings a sweet relief  
To nature, and restores her floral grace :  
Shook from the wings of the swift hours that  
chase

Each other like the Fairies of a dream,  
They glow and sparkle on the night's still  
face

In Dian's light, or in the starry beam,  
Brighter than Indian gems, famed of Golconda's  
stream.

Though simply dewdrops shining thro' the night,  
Yet of such, Ocean, art thou mighty made—  
And each may be a world in all its light ;  
A world that hath its bright side and its  
shade :

But the first beams of morning that invade  
The paths of night, shall end its fair career ;  
Its brightness and its glory all shall fade,

Its sunlight and its gloom, yet to appear  
In some new form of light, some more exalted  
sphere.

Lo! where triumphant now perhaps they adorn  
Yon silvery folds that drape the evening sky;  
With ocean's mist uniting, which upborne  
By yon bright sunbeams to the sphere on  
high,  
Are in the clouds condensed that gently fly  
Along the heavens in endless forms of grace;  
Like some bright veil or shadowy canopy,  
Suspended o'er the earth to screen its face  
From the too ardent beam of the sun's torrid  
rays.

And for the bliss of man who walks the sphere  
With eye toward heaven uplifted to adorn,  
The sky in its bright hues; throughout the  
year,  
In ever varying grace and splendor born.  
And truly were earth of its beauty shorn,  
Without its clouds, that on the summer's eve,  
Or with the pensive Autumn's rosy morn,

Upon their flowing skirts the light receive,  
In all the lovely tints which nature knows to  
weave.

She to each season gives its change of skies,  
To render earth the fit abode of man :  
Spring paints her scattered clouds in rainbow  
dies,  
And the green hills with Hope's bright bow  
doth span :

The Summer, these dispersing with her fan  
Inwrought of sunbeams, on the peaceful sky,  
Weaves but the lightest tints in nature's plan,  
Save when the nimbus, lightning charged, on  
high,  
Its thundering volumes piles, in awful majesty.

Yet loveliest, Autumn, are thy skies of all ;  
For nature then imparts a graver light,  
Unto the clouds whose fleeting shadows fall,  
In pensive contrast with the sunbeams bright.  
O'er hill and dale in ever restless flight,  
Wand'ring away—now vanishing from view,  
Now reappearing like some airy sprite—

Now with a darker, now a fainter hue,  
Shading the face of earth or bright'ning it anew.

Till Winter, stern descending from the pole,  
Leads forth his storm-embattled clouds that  
slow  
Upon the northern sky majestic roll,  
Like mountains rising in their shrouds of  
snow.

Thus nature from the ocean wave below,  
Builds her fair clouds, that on the wind's swift  
wing,

From clime to distant clime sublimely flow :  
Whence through the various year, as seasons  
bring,  
Seedtime and harvest rise, and all earth's boun-  
ties spring.

When through the summer solstice rolls the sun  
In all the effulgence of the burning zone,  
And streams late murmuring cease at length  
to run,  
And parched and sere the hills around have  
grown,

While ruin threatens then his fields unmown,  
And the yet unripe harvest of the grain,  
Thus far with care advanced and toilsome  
sown,  
With what anxiety his suffering plain  
The husbandman surveys; how gladly hails the  
rain?

Nor with less joy mute nature notes the event  
Of the mild tempest, warned by instinct power;  
Or moist or cool that heralds its descent,  
Ere yet the rain commence or clouds yet lower.  
Swift fly the birds to covert as the shower  
Is heard still distant falling on some grove,  
Or on the umbrageous mountain's tangled  
bower:

There mute till past, again they praise in love  
The Giver of all life, all blessings from above.

Nor thankful less the herds and fleecy flocks,  
Panting erewhile beneath the grateful shade  
Of hedge or grove, or where, amid gray rocks,  
Some stream meanders shallow thro' the glade,

Immersed of foot and ruminant displayed—  
Now wander forth upon the hills again,  
In kind deliverance from each winged invade,  
To crop the tender herbage of the plain,  
And on their soiled robes receive the pelting rain.

Where the high Alps or loftier Andes soar  
Heavenward—supreme of earthly grandeur  
raised,  
Crowned with eternal snows that evermore  
Successive ages see anew replaced  
In the just balance of their annual waste,  
There Ocean mounts triumphant in the cloud,  
High o'er exalted earth sublimely traced ;  
Or pouring round the hills in vapoury shroud,  
Hurls the electric bolt and rolls the thunders  
loud.

'Tis the sea's olden play-ground where erewhile  
The billows wandering in primeval time,  
O'er hill and plain, through valley and defile,  
Wrote on the rocks deep merged and hills  
sublime,  
To mournful cadence, or to solemn chime,



The legend of their birth and of the age  
Long lapsing ere Earth reached her natal  
prime,  
When nature, turning o'er her finished page,  
Emerged her continents in their perfected stage :

Earth newborn with her hills—around whose  
sides

The cloud, attracted as by olden ties  
Of once familiar places, gently glides ;  
Or in the silence of the calm now lies  
In solitary grandeur that defies  
The skill of pen or pencil to portray :  
Now mounting o'er the hills' successive rise,  
Wanders with everchanging form away ;  
Or like some white-winged bird, soars to the eye  
of day.

Or massing into ranks on ranks up-piled,  
And through unending convolutions rolled,  
Rain-charged and threatening, windy, dark, and  
wild,  
Now by the hills half hid, now issuing bold  
From every mountain gorge with manifold

Enlargement of its gloom and gathering night,  
And fiery tongues that curdle the blood cold,  
By turns inspiring awe, fear, and delight,  
Such from the hills descends the nimbus in its  
might.

Then on some vale converging from all sides,  
As to a common field of contest borne,  
Cloud piles on cloud, on tempest tempest rides,  
Lightning to lightning leaps adversely drawn,  
And thunder back to thunder rolls its scorn;  
Till Echo, deemed erewhile of gentlest voice,  
Whispering the early matins to the morn,  
Disturbed, now all her vocal might employs,  
And from her hundred hills hurls back the deaf-  
ening noise.

Such scenes and sounds, first witnessed here on  
earth,  
Struck consternation to the rebellious hearts  
Of Titans glorying in gigantic birth,  
And heaven attempting with presumptuous  
arts.  
Such yet erewhile on high, the envious darts

O'ercame of those misguided by the thrall  
Of him who since in fallen glory smarts :  
Whom Lucifer in heaven, on earth, they call  
Satan, of rebels first, and mightiest in his fall.

Tempestuous thus, the peasant of the vale  
Sees the descending clouds not without fear ;  
For oft the nimbus hurls destructive hail,  
On the spent labours of the toilsome year ;  
Or with concentric force, pours down severe  
On all the adjoining hills, till every stream  
Rolls headlong, furrowing in its mad career  
The ancestral field with many an unsightly  
seam :  
Destroying in one night, mayhap, his life-long  
dream.

But not for single nature shapes her rule ;  
But for the many equal in her eye :  
And that perhaps which ruins one poor fool,  
Enriches thousands born alike to die.  
Fortune we may upbraid, but not deny,  
How hard soe'er, the justness of our fate :  
Blest rather if He, who orders thus our sky,

From one man's ruin builds the happier state,  
Than born to fortune's smile, if vainly, vainlier  
great.

He who has witnessed not the tropic storm  
Thus raging 'mid the mountains, has not  
known

The glory of the clouds in all its form  
Of wild sublimity there seen alone.

From the high hills, as from earth's loftiest  
throne,

To look down on the embattled storm below,  
Mustering from vale to vale to the deep tone  
Of muttering thunders and the dazzling glow  
Of the winged lightning sped in instantaneous  
flow,

This is to view sublimity and feel,  
That life hath still to win a broader zone,  
Than through the shadowed vale unseen to steal;  
Unseeing and unknowing and unknown.  
Yet thus to see and feel, is but to own  
The insignificance of human thought  
With nature's God who walks the hills alone

In majesty, which, if the eye may have caught,  
Man to describe to man, hath ever vainly sought.

Mine hath it been to feel, while wandering lone  
Upon the palm-clothed hills of a far land,  
Remote from man and saddened by the tone  
Of nature's cadence, varying from the bland,  
Low voice of winds and streams to the more  
grand,

The roar of floods descending to the plain,  
Then falling, fainting on some far-off strand,  
Where ocean's wandering billows in the chain  
Of nature's harmony, beat the undying refrain,

Mine it has been to feel, that earth hath still  
Some remnant of the glory of that time,  
When man, submissive to the Higher will,  
Knew not the form or penalty of crime.  
And if I deemed I saw of the sublime  
More than to common lot of mortals lies,  
More than the ambition that inspires to climb,  
Urged on the fitful light of Fancy's eyes,  
Time, only thou canst tell, if vainly or if wise.

## CANTO FOURTH.

DAWN now awakening from the orient sky,  
With locks disheveled on the verge doth stand,  
And looks upon the world with troubled eye,  
And waves the seaman's warning from her  
hand :

Her flowing robe girt with the rubric band,  
The mariner marks—nor often notes in vain :  
Sad omen of the future, ere the sand  
Of Time's inverted glass is on the wane,  
The dreaded storm may wake in wrath the  
slumbering main.

Lo ! yonder petrel hovering o'er the deep,  
The storm precursor, dwells upon our path ;  
Yet clear the skies are, and the winds they sleep,  
And Ocean seems incapable of wrath.  
Hast thou foreseen the tempest, has its breath  
Ruffled thy wing and sent thee on before  
To warn of warring winds laden with death  
To some, or dire distress and travail sore,  
And shipwreck on some lone, inhospitable  
shore ?

Or dost thou follow in the track of man,  
Dependent, conscious of thy feeble dower ;  
Thy wing, unequal to the battling van  
Of the fierce tempest and the midnight shower ?  
Or fearest thou the dark and lonely hour  
Of nature's travail, and by instinct led,  
Fly to the shelter of man's present power  
For reassurance, and with timorous dread  
Seek of his bounteous hand, unconscious to be  
fed ?

Lone wanderer of the deep, in solitude  
Of the wide waters wast thou early bred,  
And taught to gather from the flood thy food,  
And on the wandering billow make thy bed ;  
Hast thou no home whither, when day has fled,  
To fly for refuge from the darksome hour ?  
No shelter to protect thy weary head  
From winds tempestuous and the beating shower  
That baffle thy swift wing and weary of its power ?

Thy lot, is it not mine ? has not the past  
Been borne on troubled waters, and the way  
We see not, can it be aught but the recast

Of what preceded ? hath hope still a ray  
Brighter than that which shone but to decay ?  
Is it not ours to wander on the wave  
Of ever baffling fortune, till the day  
Draws to its close and time has bowed its slave,  
Our home, life's restless deep, our dearest bourn  
the grave ?

But thou dost dance upon the stormy billow,  
As though it were thy cradle and thy home :  
And dost thou not rest gently on the pillow  
Which Ocean spreads thee, wreathed about  
with foam,  
Reckless alike of time past or to come ?  
So that the present joyful speed away,  
What carest thou whither on the deep thou  
roam,  
Or in what clime thy wing dip the salt spray,  
Or if the night of storm succeed the peaceful  
day !

So that thy wing outstrip the tempest's wrath,  
What reckest thou—the deep, is it not wide ?  
And knowest not thou the compass of its path,



And canst avoid with instinct for thy guide?  
Not thus with man—while on the uncertain  
tide,

Discretion is the mariner's better part :

Whatever fortune bring is his to abide ;  
Or wind or calm, and with the seaman's art  
To battle with the storm, to sink or gain his mart.

And nature's omens shown on cloud or sea,

Fall not unheeded on his wary eye :

Experienced to discern of storms to be,

When calmest is the deep, fairest the sky.

Lo ! make they not now ready to defy

Some change of weather for the worse to come ;

And stay and standing shroud and brace and  
guy,

Restrengthen and the yards are sheeted home :

And yet not e'en a breath upon the deep doth  
roam.

Nature, art thou so fickle that not man

May trust thy temper—least when in thy sleep

All peacefully thou dost heaven o'er us span,

And silence rests upon the mighty deep?

Thou, Ocean, can it be, that thou shalt sweep  
Our decks, it may be ere the sun hath set ?

So soon thy depths from peace to anger leap,  
And on thy distant shores thy billows fret  
Till nature hath grown tired, and man hath paid  
her debt ?

Calm be thy slumbers still, thou mighty deep ;  
Well canst thou hide the passions of thy breast :  
Calm as the young maid's bosom when in sleep,  
None but the pleasing dream disturbs its rest.  
Not e'en the omens of the morn invest  
Thy presence to the seaman's thought with  
dread.

The storm may brood o'er thy expanse, but  
blest  
With broad good nature and by hope still led,  
The hour of wrath descends, with half its terrors  
fled.

Oh, could thy restless waves relate the story  
Of their long wandering o'er the pathless  
sphere,  
What would they not tell of the ancient glory

Of earth and of more recent man's career !

Have they not washed the shores of ages here  
Since the Almighty from thy still abyss

First bade the coasts of hoary time to appear ?  
Are they not witness of the world that is ?  
Have not thy billows swept o'er other worlds  
than this ?

Hast thou not smoothed thy temper at the feet  
Of Greek and Roman, and in earlier day,  
Of they to whom came the rich laden fleet  
Of Ophire old, of Tarsus and Cathay,  
Till thou wert deemed subjected to their  
sway—

And didst thou not there in thy might arise,  
As now, and turn their boasting to dismay ;  
And on thy billows lifting to the skies,  
Dash them upon the rocks, deaf to their feeble  
cries ?

Thou art the same flood still as wast thou then,  
When on the deep the Spirit of God dwelt  
lone ;  
Or yet thy wandering billows in the refrain

Of nature joined with ever restless moan.  
And isle and continent have silent grown  
From thy dark depths; yet still dost thou not  
change.

And State and empire hast thou seen o'er  
thrown,  
And where proud cities rose, the leopard range,  
And where the desert dwelt, the hospitable  
grange.

And metamorphosed in the cloud dost thou  
O'erarch the mountains, and with hope's bright  
bow

Remindest man of the Almighty's vow,  
Which in the early days He bade us know,  
That nevermore shouldst thou the land o'er-  
flow,

As was of eld, destructive to our race :  
But in the gentle shower, on earth below,  
Descend to add new glory to the face  
Of nature, thenceforth kind, unto the end of days.

And lovely hast thou formed earth with thy  
streams;

And many a realm, else barren, fertile made.  
There is no land so beautiful in dreams,  
But nature somewhere working with thy aid,  
Hath in reality as fair displayed.  
Oh Muse! what hinders, that thou speed the time  
Of nature's calm, where Ocean bright arrayed,  
Wanders in stream and flood from clime to clime,  
Whence Fancy beckons us from fragrant banks  
of thyme.

Prompt to her call, where earth's enduring hills  
Majestic rise, fain would I guide the flight  
Of still untiring thought; thence while distills  
The cloud upon some mountain's neighbour-  
ing hight,  
And mingles its dark shadows with the light  
In the green dales below, enraptured trace  
The gathering waters wandering onward bright,  
Through many a vale and plain in endless maze,  
To beautify the earth and join the sea's embrace.

Fair flow thy waters, Ocean, when thus filled  
From the discharging clouds, thy bright  
streams wend

The wooded steeps of the high hills, self-willed  
And joyous hastening onward to their end.  
Or when from precipice headlong they descend  
Into the abyss deep worn in rocks below  
By time's corroding wave ; there to expend  
Their force, while Iris spans her lovely bow  
Upon the dim gray mists that from the depth  
upflow.

Then like thy voice upon thy distant shores,  
Unto the plain remote descends the sound  
Of many waters, murmuring in their course,  
And whitening o'er the rocks with rapid bound :  
Torrent with torrent joining in the round  
Of the steep hills, till through the vale below,  
The mingled floods o'er the less rugged ground,  
Pursue their way with less tumultuous flow :  
Now wandering white through rocks, now darkly  
calm and slow—

By hills and lesser hills, the recent born  
Of the enduring mountains, on whose sides  
Perchance the shepherds feed their flocks at morn,  
And when the cool of evening hour betides :

Or whence, as with effulgence the sun rides  
The midday course, to the wood-bordered stream  
That through the pleasant vale meandering  
glides,  
Conduct them following from the ardent beam,  
To while the hour away as idless may beseem.

And where the deepening tide flows dark and still,  
To enjoy the bath screened by some friendly  
shade:

Or innocent of guilt and thought of ill,  
Less studious to be hid, not they evade  
To breast the torrent with the sportive maid  
In nature's plain attire, as ere their pain  
Used They in Eden's blissful glade,  
And custom still doth license through New  
Spain,  
Where simple virtue views, unblushing, nature's  
reign.

So pass their hours—or on some bank retired  
Beneath the shade of oak or waving palm,  
They teach the rustic pipes the air inspired  
To breathe in harmony with nature's calm.

Simple, but best befitting so the psalm  
Of those of old led by the starry ray :

Thus till the evening zephyrs breathing balm  
Or voice of herds to hills wand'ring away,  
Recall them to their folds, impatient of their stay.

So flowed the streams Arcadian o'er their rocks,  
By hill and dale, and to the mellow sound  
Of lowing herds and voice of bleating flocks,  
And pastoral strains of shepherds resting  
round.

So of late time the Guadalquiver wound ;  
Not to the Thespian reed or Doric flute,  
Nor with the hymn of Eastern shepherds  
crown'd,  
But to the light guitar and Paphian lute,  
As best befit the Andalusian's gay pursuit.

See, how thro' vale meandering the stream,  
Joined with a sister stream, majestic flows  
To swell the river's course ; no more to dream  
Of rock or bank whereon the violet blows,  
Nor of the pastoral strain, nor hill whence lows  
The sober herd, but of the boundless sea



Of the dim future whitherto it goes :  
To nobler purpose drawn, broad, deep and free  
As life's majestic flood rolls to eternity.

For pastoral scenes and frolic youth behold  
Exchanged the vale, wide sloping to each side,  
In pleasant fields on fields receding rolled ;  
Pregnant with large fertility, and wide  
With varied husbandry diversified.  
Clothed with the promise of the blooming year,  
Now fruitful groves conspicuous preside :  
Now interspersed green fields of grain appear,  
And alternating woods and pastures fill the rear.

Where fields late fallow to the Winter's storm,  
Reclaim the husbandman's laborious care,  
There with his steeds, ambitious to perform  
And earn, with meted task, their simple fare,  
Or patient oxen toiling with the air  
Of those whom fate to labour hath resigned,  
The industrious swain now with the shining  
share,  
Inverts the soil, by frost and sun combined,  
Made mellowed to receive the germs of crops  
assigned.

Or hardiest rye, or wheat first sown of Spring,  
While Winter yet flies on the evening blast.  
Their toil the later oats and barley bring,  
With liberal faith sown to the field broad-  
cast :

The bounteous maze, gift of the savage, last  
Claims the attention of the toiling swain.

Some turn the furrow, some with labour vast,  
The obstructing rock remove, while some the  
plain  
With the toothed harrow smooth or sow the  
pregnant grain.

Then with the seedtime ended, and his toil  
Remitting for a season, moves the breast  
Of the proud owner of the fruitful soil  
With greatly enlarged faith, that in true rest  
Waits all things of Heaven's bounty for the  
best :

Not with due observation of each sign  
Of times and seasons counting toil as blest  
Nor the sown field to nature doth resign,  
Till Heaven hath been invoked propitious to  
incline.

Rightly besought, Heaven hears the simple  
prayers  
Of humblest swains, and on the new-sown  
plain,  
To crown with just reward their provident cares,  
From partial clouds remits the gentle rain  
To regenerate anew the buried grain :  
Sunlight and shower commingling in due share ;  
This to impregnate, that the life sustain ;  
Then to crown all the sower's patient care,  
Spans the bright bow of Hope upon the eastern  
air.

Where more advanced the season with the beam  
Of the maturing sun roll'd at its hight,  
Crowns the fair banks of the enlarging stream,  
With ripening harvests waving in the light,  
Like some bright water slumbering in its  
might,  
How nobly flows the river through the plain,  
Burdened beyond the eyes' enraptured sight,  
With bounteous return of golden grain,  
The joy and honest pride of the industrious  
swain.

There sturdy peasants through the waving fields,  
Fell the ripe harvest ranged in lengthen'd row :  
One hand the sheaf collects, the other wields  
The crooked sickle sped with skillful blow ;  
Each step and movement timing as they go,  
To the sweet cadence of the reapers' song :  
Now scarcely heard so far off and so low ;  
Now on the summer winds arising strong,  
From many a grateful heart harmonious borne  
along.

In other fields see other workmen joined,  
Who to the cradle the curved scythe unite ;  
Then in succession with the form inclined,  
And the left step advancing from the right,  
With well-timed blow and double-handed  
might,  
Strike down the full-eared harvest to the plain :  
Each as he swings his blade with dexterous  
sleight  
Of practiced hands, the gently falling grain,  
Depositing behind in one continuous train.  
To them the rakers next succeeding near,  
In equal piles the smooth-laid swaths collect

For the swift binders following in their rear,  
Who from the heaps with liberal hand select  
The golden band, and with swift turn connect  
The bristling heads, in equal lot disjoined ;  
Then bending to the posture less erect,  
Tie round the gathered sheaf, which thus confined,  
Is left unto the care of those who come behind.

They, youngest of the farmer's numerous flock,  
Convey the rustling sheaves with tugging hand  
To some place central to the reckoned shock,  
And round their sire in harvest wreath upstand ;  
Who, thus thrice crowned, smiles proudly on his band  
Of youthful workmen sporting through the plain :  
Or if reproving, with mild reprimand  
Checks the too rude, the while he weaves the grain  
Into the sloping stack to shield from dew or rain.

Thus moves the toil through the long summer's  
day;

Arduous, yet willingly and cheerful borne:  
Nor wants there sport or pastime to make gay  
The busy season and the scene adorn:  
But while the sun shines fair, from early  
morn

Till evening gathers in the hazy west,  
Save when called to repast by noonday horn,  
The harvest year admits of but short rest,  
Till night to their relief comes with its slumbers  
blest.

Warmed with their employer's interest, each his  
part

With cheerful speech performs and willing  
hand:

Some fell the grain, long practiced in the art  
With easy grace the cradle to command:  
Some rake in heaps, some skillful twist the  
band;

The youngest, least experienced, bears the  
sheaves

To him who teaches the tall stack to stand:

Others with forks upload the wain, this heaves  
The weighty bundles—this on the groaning wain  
receives.

To them of old succeeded other band,  
Gleaners of the past harvests scant remains :  
The widow and the orphans of the land,  
Whom kind remembering charity maintains.  
They unproved, gleaned from the stubble  
plains  
What fell by accident from the binders' hand,  
Or what was added to their slender gains,  
By the kind owner's generous command,  
To gather not too close the harvest of his land.

So, Ocean, flowed thy streams in olden time,  
Through spacious plains made fertile by their  
flow.

To the sweet cadence of the reaper's hymn,  
And many a rural task and pleasing show ;  
Now but recalled as scenes of long ago ;  
Or witnessed only on remotest shore.  
Soon will the reaper's hymn forget to flow,

And the familiar sound that pleased of yore,  
The mower whetting his scythe be heard to  
ring no more.

Yet on thy banks, Ohio, and on thine,  
Fair Susquehanna, and many a noble stream  
Too numerous for the Muse, to the grave line  
And measured step prescribed as best beseem,  
When Autumn sheds around her mellow beam,  
Columbia's sons, they of the nobly free,  
Thrice blessed of Heaven, fulfillment of the  
dream,  
Once lost, once realized of Liberty,  
Reap still the annual crown of honored industry :

In the maze harvest, yellowing in the sun  
Of mild October's calm and peaceful days ;  
Through spacious fields erst from the savage won  
By pious valour of the Pilgrim race ;  
From Briton once, once nobly from disgrace.  
Now honoured Peace converts war's panoply  
Into the humbler share that tills the maze ;  
And 'tis a sight, Fair Ceres, worthy thee,  
This last and noblest gift of thine to Liberty.



Where now breme Winter through the northern  
sky,

Of Eastern climes, lands verging to the sun,  
Surveys the bounteous year with envious eye,  
And sears the woodlands and the fields turns  
dun,

See, Muse, how floods from smallest streams  
begun,

In earth's remotest regions wandering lone,  
There burdened with the wealth of nations  
run ;

Majestic winding on from zone to zone,  
Through lands obscure to faine and empire yet  
unknown.

There China's hoarded people ply the arts  
Industrious, with persevering zeal  
And close economy of frugal hearts,  
Subservient to the necessitous appeal  
Of myriads bowed to fortune's crushing wheel :  
To whom returning still with fresh recoil,  
The problem of supply and future weal,  
Compels to reap from every rood of soil  
More bounteous return with still enlargèd toil.

Mark how kind nature with the sun's ripe glow  
Upon her cheek, builds there her fruitful  
reign

On many a flood's enriching overflow,  
And art formed irrigation of the plain ;  
Whose generous tides fair tribute claim again  
Of surplus wealth embarked upon their breast :  
Theirs to bestow on some less kind domain,  
Or speed upon its way to climes more blest,  
Lands from which fame returns but vague re-  
port at best.

Where the broad Croceus rolls its safron waves,  
Or where Chiam with more majestic tide,  
Its banks crowned with an hundred cities laves,  
Thronged with skilled industry on every side ;  
Or Tay, whose less ennobled waters glide  
By Babylonish Canton's noisy door,  
See Commerce spread her white wings far and  
wide ;  
On stream and confluent stream her precious  
store,  
Discharging from far lands or lading by their  
shore.

From every province, every distant clime,  
Ships of all ancient and all modern make,  
From junks that plowed the stream of early  
time,  
To the swift clipper graceful in her rake  
As the wild swan that cleaves the woodland  
lake ;  
Or giant steamer from the Antipode,  
Breasting the tempest in her foaming wake,  
There throng the face of nature's watery road,  
And many a spacious stream by ancient art  
bestowed.

For Art with the united strength erewhile  
Of countless hosts such as of old were  
joined,  
To build the less useful pyramids by Nile,  
Stupendous toil, with nature there combined,  
Strives to enlarge the blessings to mankind  
Of commerce and on lands remote bestow,  
Through spacious channels skillfully designed,  
Which swarming with their populations flow,  
In numbers scarcely less than lands adjacent  
show.

Amid less busy scenes, the Indian flood,  
Ganges, crowned with barbaric pomp, see  
glide ;  
Ganges, whose hundred mouths, long red with  
blood,  
Engulf in Spring the Ocean's mounting tide,  
And inland hurl the Bore with giant stride.  
Thence the *proud* Britons reap their wealth, nor  
deem  
The age removed from prudent forethought  
wide,  
When threatening powers and want of room  
would seem  
To drive to fix their throne by India's famous  
stream.

More glorious Nile ! thou of the olden story—  
Nile, sacred to Isis and to lasting fame,  
The sad, but silent witness of the glory  
Of Egypt's past, and of her present shame ;  
Nile, thou dost still pour forth thy wealth the  
same  
As when the Pharaohs dwelt beside thy wave,  
And the mysterious Ibis' dying flame

Sprang yearly from the ashes of its grave,  
And hundred gated Thebes rose o'er the abject  
slave.

'Mid desert scenes to which the foot erewhile  
Of savage only hath explored its course,  
There Isis and Serapis, gods of Nile,  
Guard the mysterious fountain of its source ;  
Till some adventurer from distant shores,  
Shall come with sacrilegious zeal to invade  
The sacred precincts of its ancient force,  
And the last worship of the stream shall fade,  
With mysteries of eld, in time's oblivious shade.

Thus roll the waters of the Orient clime,  
Crowned with the glorious halo memory  
throws

Around the sacred rivers of old time,  
Till veneration into worship grows :  
So not less great, though less revered than  
those,

Through spacious plains blest by fair Freedom's  
hands,

The Mississippi, Father of Waters, flows :

So the great Amazonian flood expands ;  
Monarch of inland seas and builder of new lands.

The sea—all hail again the boundless sea—  
Ye hills of earth, hark to its sounding voice—  
Ye waves of time born to eternity,  
Ye long lost streams, ye wandering floods, re-  
joice.

Wander no more, ye waves, with babbling noise  
Of idle mirth, on mountain side or plain ;

Wander no more, thou flood, where earth  
alloys

Thy purer purpose with its lust of gain,  
And vice from temporal bliss reaps but unend-  
ing pain.

Ocean, thy kindred streams, long lost, receive  
Triumphant to thy embrace ; upon thy shore,  
Let all thy wandering billows rising heave  
The solemn cadence of their ceaseless roar.

Thine are the clouds, the vapours thine that  
soar

Upon the wings of evening's gentle breeze :  
Thine are the dewy shower, the rains that pour

Fertility on earth and ripe increase :  
Thine all its streams and floods, its lakes and  
inland seas.

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## CANTO FIFTH.

WHAT sound is that which o'er the slumbering  
deep,

Comes low and mournful to the startled ear ?  
As when the traveller wakened from his sleep,  
Hears the low, muffled hum of midnight prayer  
From some Mohammedan town : by fits the air  
Breathes in a sudden gust, then dies away.

The unconscious sea now wrinkles here, now  
there ;  
The sportive tribes of Ocean cease their play,  
And seek the gloomy depths, beyond the reach  
of day.

What sudden light gleams in the uplifted eye  
Of the stayed mariner, flashed forth from the  
soul !

As gravely pausing he surveys the sky  
From the horizon upward to its pole—  
Then rests upon the sea's uncertain roll,  
Doubtful, as if some warning to beware  
Recalled him sudden from relaxed control,  
While the uneasy hand of watchful care  
Draws deeper on his brow the lines time furrows  
there.

Low down the western verge the sun descends,  
All bathed in clouds of every glorious hue :  
There gold with safron, red with purple blends,  
And richest amber fades in softest blue :  
Each moment changing, varying ever new,  
As only nature knows her shades to change :  
As only she, to please the unwearied view,  
Can alter outline still through all the range  
Of the sublime, the wild, the beautiful, the  
strange.

How lovely is the sunset on the deep,  
When nature thus her skill divine displays !  
When winds are hushed and waves are stilled in  
sleep,



And evening's balmy softness takes the place  
Of the dim ardour of the noonday rays!  
What artist's brush could imitate those hues?  
What pencil draw those outlines with such  
    grace ;  
Or poet's fancy, aided by the Muse,  
Such splendor to describe, could language find to  
    use ?

How often have I sat as day retired,  
And watched the sunset glory from my home !  
Saw in the clouds as Fancy's light inspired,  
The outlines vague of castles go and come,  
With tower and glittering spire and rising  
    dome  
In prospect fair, or caught the wild desire  
From mystic mountains in the sky, to roam  
In lands remote, where nature's hills aspire  
With all the impress grand, sublime of heaven's  
    wrapt fire.

Lone by the silent shore I see the form  
Of one who still at sunset watches there :  
Youth's rosy hue upon her cheek glows warm ;

The golden sunlight wanders through her hair :  
Thought, on her brow has stamped its impress fair ;

The lustrous tears of silent grief adorn  
Her eyes yet lovelier for their dewy care :  
Less fair Aurora through the east is borne,  
Bright in the sparkling tears of mildly weeping morn.

The sun has set, the lingering light declines ;  
The golden clouds and twilight gloom have fled.

Day to the embrace of night the world resigns :  
Triumphal night ! in stellar glory led,  
With all her planets circling round her head.

Oh thou who dwellest in exalted might,  
Beyond the beams those distant bodies shed,  
Why thus to earth abridge the spirit's flight,  
And all beyond it leave in impenetrable night ?

Oh, that we might ascend from star to star ;  
From earth debased to heaven's exalted pole :  
Thus to contemplate all things as they are,  
And learn the wisdom of each part and whole,

Wherever life exists or systems roll.  
Alas! in vain on Heaven itself we call,  
Dust to endow with attributes of soul :  
Less vain to ask why man was formed at all,  
Or why created pure, through vice at last to fall.

It is enough to know that here on earth,  
All things are suited to their day and sphere.  
As time rolls on and sciences take birth,  
What once was mystery may then be clear,  
And worlds unknown grow to the vision near.  
But time is all too short to teach the whole,  
And Heaven willed not, that all things should  
appear :  
Still in mysterious cycle life must roll,  
Incentive to all aim, the inherent law of soul.

To more immediate welfare of mankind,  
The mind owes its reflections; chief the arts  
Of happiness, indissolubly joined  
With the magnanimous of human hearts.  
How vast man's work, how various are the  
parts  
By Heaven assigned us to fulfill below !

How fair we promise when our journey starts  
On the bright stream of life, whose silent flow  
Misleads to fatal trust through its deceptive  
show !

Alas ! how few their parts in life perform,  
When on the swelling flood advanced they  
meet

The rush of waters, the descending storm,  
The wreck of kindred and the stern retreat  
Of thousands more advanced ; in their defeat  
O'erwhelming other thousands in their rear ;  
And last, to render hopelessness complete,  
When dangers thicken, when new toils appear,  
The turning back of those whom friendship held  
most dear.

Too much we hope, too much we base our joy  
Upon the friendship of the outer world :  
Too often led by Pleasure's false decoy,  
Are on destruction with the breakers hurled,  
Or through unending eddies vainly whirled.  
Too oft ambition and the love of fame  
Urge to advance when canvas should be furled,

Till lost in reckoning, cheated in our aim,  
Gladly we would return by the same path we  
came.

For every rational pleasure we enjoy,  
How many in the attempt we dissipate!  
Each scene of nature charmed us when a boy,  
And all was then mysterious and great.  
How changed the scene appears at man's  
estate!

Tossed on the sea of mingled joy and pain,  
The mind confounds the impressions of its  
fate,  
Till life itself grows an unsightly stain  
Amid less perfect works of nature's fair domain.

How fair, how perfect in each part, could man  
But pierce the veil of sin that dims his sight!  
Though nature vary from her primitive plan,  
From endless chaos lead forth order bright,  
And call the day from universal night,  
Or all her glorious work annihilate,  
She changes not to improve that which is  
right,

Nor in reversion of the law of fate,  
But with adaptive art to balance every state.

And every state with man ; man, the last act  
Of Heaven's creative will : instinct with light,  
With immortality of soul, with tact  
Of reasoning to discern the wrong from right ;  
Lord of creation by prescriptive might,  
The free-will agent, judge of all that is—  
Formed in Heaven's likeness, called good in  
its sight,  
What higher call to virtue could be his?  
Than man's, what prior claim to an unending  
bliss?

That call, how little heeded ! and the bliss  
Of earth, what is it ! who can tell where found ?  
Who the more fortunate that do not miss,  
Amid the universal failure crowned ?  
The few who keep within the narrow bound  
Of Wisdom's path, yet through life's quiet way,  
Fail not to shed upon the world around,  
The attractive warmth of love's benignant ray,  
That brightens all in hope and turns our night  
to day.

Oh, whither wouldst thou have us, Muse, repair,  
To find that bliss enjoyed erewhile of none?  
To what fair clime, land of congenial air,  
What shore unknown yet of the glorious sun,  
Where life's unsullied currents smoothly run  
Down the decline of nature to their sea?  
To the calm end of age that comes when won,  
Not with the pangs of weak humanity,  
Nor where death hath its sting and sin its  
victory.

Vain shalt thou seek, alas! on earth to find  
That land of unalloyed happiness.  
Go, search the annals of thy fellow kind,  
And find no age of all the past possess  
More of true bliss or greater cause to bless:  
No land than thine more favoured of the past;  
No race of heaven; then willingly confess,  
The only fount of happiness at last,  
Is with thy lot to dwell content wherever cast.

Some bond we find of union with the soil  
In every clime and land beneath the sun;  
However humble be our lot, our toil,

However vast it be and arduous done.

Our native hills, our fields paternal won  
From nature's grasp with unremitting pains,  
The offspring of our shelter in whom run  
The kindred currents of our manlier veins,  
These form the links whence love doth forge  
our blissful chains.

True bliss belongs to no peculiar state ;

Heaven with an equal hand bestows on all :  
Alike the poor, the rich, the unknown, the  
great ;

All climes, all countries, be they vast or small.

But what Heaven willed in bliss, man in his  
fall

From the fair walks of blameless Paradise,

Has found unequal to the enlarging call,  
The importuning, all-engrossing cries  
Of second nature's wants ; the child new-born  
of vice.

Man is the author of his own deserts,

Heaven the rewarder of his better deeds.  
In just proportion as his will subverts



The equal law of nature's simple needs,  
So far the bounds of reason he exceeds.  
Thus, Adam, Eve, first knew in Paradise,  
When for the tree of life they sowed the seeds  
Of death, and saw but thorns and brambles rise,  
Retributive in pain, the just reward of vice.

Ye balmy airs that from the tempering stream  
Catch the soft influence of a milder clime,  
And steal the soul away in that sweet dream  
Of Eden's bliss, which down through shadowy  
time

Comes ever wafted on, like the faint chime  
Of distant Sabbath bells at summer eve,  
Heard floating over hill and vale sublime  
To call the elect of Heaven to retrieve  
The erring past, and the lost boon of life receive,

To some spot formed on Eden's blissful plan,  
Such if there be, waft us, ye tempests fair,  
Where few and simple are the wants of man,  
And bounteous seasons banish anxious care.  
Some land whose still Arcadian scenes prepare  
The soul to contemplation, and refined,

Life draws its simple bliss from nature there,  
Unmingled with the follies of mankind,  
The erring wisdom born of the world-wisely blind.

The eve has past, night rolls majestic on ;  
And Cynthia, pausing in her bright career,  
Bends from the western sky to gaze upon  
Her crescent form that silently draws near  
To meet her on the verge of the still mere.  
Nor mist rests on the sea, nor cloud the while  
Dims the fair lustre of the starlit sphere,  
Bright arching o'er us, save yon shadowy pile,  
That on the austral bound uplooms like some  
dim isle.

How solemn rests the night upon the deep !  
Silent and ominous of brewing storms.  
The rage of tempests gathering in its sleep,  
Waits but the signal to assume its forms  
Of concentrated fury : e'en while warms  
The imagination with the quiet scene,  
And felt security our soul disarms,  
Nature but sleeps to rouse with altered mien ;  
With reinvigorated force and added spleen.

Lulled in her lap we trust her peaceful smiles,  
And dream of safety till her sleep is past.  
The sounder her repose, the close coils  
Fallacious hope to bind suspicion fast.  
Hope, like a serpent stings us at the last :  
We dream again, again the dream deceives ;  
Till time, advancing, scatters to the blast  
Our bright anticipations, like the leaves  
Of Autumn's woods dispersed when fancy fair-  
est weaves.

But why of earth-born hope, of time why dream ?  
Hope flies when called, and time our speed  
defies.

To thee, for guidance on life's various stream,  
Immortal Trust, fair daughter of the skies,  
Still let us look whatever fates arise :  
Through weal or woe, through sunshine or  
through storm,  
Though Hope expires, though time forever  
flies,

Still may thy smiles our faltering bosom warm ;  
Ne'er absent from our thoughts be thine inspir-  
ing form.

Assured by thee, hark how the seamen cheer

The night with song, or to the simple tale  
Of some companion lend attentive ear :

Some elder shipmate, who, through many a  
gale,

In every clime where Commerce spreads her  
sail,

Has plowed, from boyhood up, the billowy deep.

His comrades now applaud, and now are pale  
At some escape from death, some perilous leap ;  
Or with his sad mishaps in sympathy deign to  
weep.

With them awhile let us discard our cares,

And pass the night in bliss, the quiet bliss  
Of unsophisticated life ; like theirs

Be ours the simple joys, the still abyss

Of vacant thought, the thought that simply is.  
The calm of blest content not to aspire

To pleasures which they neither know nor  
miss :

The useless joys of wealth that only fire

The evermounting wings of still uncrowned de-  
sire.

## CANTO SIXTH.

THE midnight hour has come—silent—and sleep  
Falls on the weary lids of all profound ;  
Save those who now the lonely night-watch keep :  
To them sleep comes not on its azure round.  
Hark ! hear ye not above unwonted sound  
Of voices, and the master's stern command,  
The hurried tramp of feet, the wheeling round  
Of cumbrous spars, and creaking of each band ?  
They shorten in all sail to meet the storm at  
hand.

The stillness of impending wrath succeeds ;  
Dreadful in silence, ominous in thought ;  
Thought swifter than the course of lightning  
speeds,  
At once a thousand different journeys, fraught  
With various Death, who comes too soon un-  
sought,  
Uncalled, unwelcome ; in whatever form,  
Whatever dress, he comes to make his court,  
A thousand fears precede to raise alarm,  
A thousand warring minds the trembling soul  
disarm.

Thus in his cell the wretch, from whom the fates  
Have turned the inexorable judge's face,  
In all the dread suspense of mind awaits  
The hour appointed, soon to close his race.  
Hope, fear, anguish and love, his childhood  
days,  
Remorse for life misspent, for heaven unsought,  
His manhood's pride, ambition crushed, disgrace,  
O'erwhelm him, till the hangman's footsteps  
caught,  
Burst on his trembling soul 'mid all the rush of  
thought.

So, fearful, bursts the tempest on our heads,  
And all its voices in wild discord blends.  
As from the loftier hills the blast invades  
The warring wood which down their flank  
extends,  
Then on the groves below its force expends,  
Wide echoing through their shades along the  
plain,  
So from the clouds the spirit of storms descends

Upon the darkened bosom of the main,  
Loud roaring from its depths and rising in  
disdain.

Shrill shrieks the wind along the rattling shrouds,  
And the mad waters heave the ship in air;  
Night grows invisible in all her clouds,  
And tumult hideous borders on despair.

Loud at the trembling crew the masters swear,  
And curse the elements; e'en on the brink  
Of endless ruin, hardened man will dare,  
Heaven's vengeance to provoke, nor pause to  
think,  
How small an act of thought may save him, or  
may sink.

Ye lonely wanderers of the uncertain waves,  
How hard a lot is yours! let those who long  
To spend their lives so closely to their graves,  
Pass but one night upon the deep when throng  
The enraged winds and waves to hurl along  
The fragile bark that bears their destinies:  
Contentious still which most shall do her  
wrong;

Deaf to their prayers, to their heart-rending  
cries,  
That mount the air and pierce the unrelenting  
skies.

Ye lonely mariners, God grant that ne'er,  
While through my veins life's purple current  
rolls,  
May I be doomed to follow your career,  
Though I revere your trade and honest souls :  
Sooner may Fortune to the frigid poles  
Exile us, where in unrelaxing sleep,  
Nature piles up her seas into vast moles,  
That threaten ruin wide o'er all the deep  
To those who would invade the secrets of her  
keep.

Yes, hard your fate indeed ; but why complain ?  
It is your choice, and when upon the shore,  
Your sole desire is to be back again,  
And hurled about by ocean as before :  
The toils, the dangers which ye late passed  
o'er,  
Are soon forgotten, and e'en life's dearest ties,



Your wives and children, scarce are thought  
of more,  
Until the angry billows round you rise,  
And fancy brings again their widowed, father-  
less cries.

Such thoughts may touch your rugged breasts  
with pain,  
And worlds would then scarce tempt you  
from deciding,  
Ne'er to depart from those dear ones again,  
If Heaven but grant the option of abiding.  
How vain the resolve ! while yet the day is  
gliding,  
Perhaps forgotten with the passing gale :  
Still the returning seasons find you riding  
The boisterous waves and trusting to that sail  
Which the next wind that blows may prove of  
least avail.

Ye captains, be not too severe upon  
The faithful sailors ; they who meekly bear  
The toils and dangers of the sea, with none  
To smile upon them, and their trials share.

For you they leave their little ones to dare  
The unknown perils of the deep—for you,  
They mount the giddy masts when tempests  
tear  
The canvas from the spars, and to their view,  
Death on all sides impends, while winter chills  
them through.

Then be not too severe ; but let your hearts  
Give heed unto compassion's pleading voice,  
And strive by kindness and by various arts,  
To lighten all their trials, and rejoice  
When they obey you, not from fear, but choice.  
Yours to command it is, and to forgive ;  
Theirs are the ills of life without the joys :  
The storms, without the golden clouds that  
weave  
The slender threads of hope through all our  
hours of grief.

Oh ye, who on the bosom of fixed earth,  
Beneath the ancestral shelter safely rest,  
And nightly gather round the cheerful hearth  
In happy concord, and the enjoyment blest

Of wants supplied, mild mirth and health  
possest,  
Heedless of winter, while without in vain  
It moans, like the lone spirit of unrest,  
Or drives the whirling snow and sleety rain  
Inconstant on the roof and 'gainst the rattling  
pane,

Grudge not the thoughts that sympathetic lead  
The mind from present joys to contemplate  
The unenvied toil, the experience hard indeed,  
Of those who on the deep, the insatiate  
Of life, pursue the arduous path of fate:  
Nor let the charitable light be seen no more,  
When the shipwrecked of sea or land await  
Kind refuge from the tempest at your door,  
And of their sad distress alleviance mild implore.

On such reflections, such alleviance due  
To the unfortunate, a just reward  
Attendant follows in the enlarged view  
Of human failings, and the bond restored  
Of mutual interest and affection broad;  
And that mild spirit by which the human breast,

In sympathy with other hearts is thawed :  
Chief barrier to discord, and the zest  
Of every good of those whose portion here is  
    blest.

Sad is the seaman's life when the winds sweep,  
    Cold from the shores where Arctic snow ex-  
    tends :

When the Spirit of Storms roams on the rest-  
    less deep,

And darkness terrible in clouds descends.

Sad when the icy breath of winter blends  
Its dreadful horrors with the sleety storm,  
And from the grasp the encasing frost defends  
Each part, and the drenched garments that  
    should warm,

Are stiffened and congealed around the shiver-  
    ing form.

How dreadful, then, to mount the icy ropes

Amid the fearful darkness of the night !

To feel all effort vain, yet know the hopes

Of all dependent on his single might :

Aloft to grope about with useless sight,

And limbs benumbed, scarce clinging to the  
mast,

In dread expectance, from the dizzy hight,  
Each moment to be whirled by the fierce blast,  
Or from the swaying spars, headlong in ocean  
cast.

Oh ye who plow the deep through polar seas,  
Where Winter sits enthroned on hills of ice,  
That slowly rise, by annual increase,  
Into vast mountains glittering to the skies,  
What time the retiring sun neglects to rise  
Above the Arctic world and frigid night,  
Consummate gloom, the night septentrion lies  
In vague, appalling silence, and the sight  
Starts in amaze at the strange Alis' lurid light,

Ye who, inured to danger and to toil,  
Through the vast fields of drifting ice ascend  
Far to the north for the balœnial oil,  
Or where Spitzbergen's frozen shores extend  
In desolate solitude, for the same end,  
The unwieldy walrus on the ice pursue,

Amphibious monster, in whose structure  
blend  
The forms diverse, incongruous to the view,  
Of quadruped and fish met in conjunction true,  
What toils, what dangers round your pathway  
rise?

And ye, who follow the more hazardous role,  
Of those who embark in perilous emprise  
To seek the engulfing vortex of the pole:  
Led by adventurous love or the control  
Of vanity to be known; or yet more vain,  
By curiosity incited sole,  
Like dazzled moths, which powerless to refrain,  
Whirl round the warning light and court a death  
of pain.

What hardships—hardships, if the term applies  
To sufferings such as yours—beset your path?  
Ye who with Franklin toiled through storms  
and ice,  
To sacrifice your lives unto the wrath  
Of cruel Winter, and to hideous Death:  
Led by a nobler aim, to unclothe the doors

Of Eastern darkness to the light of Faith,  
And turn through Commerce's stream the  
    golden course  
Of India's hoarded wealth to European shores.

To dreadful Winter, hideous Death consigned—  
    Their bleaching skeletons on Arctic coast,  
Left naked by the shrill, tempestuous wind,  
    Make known the sad adventures of the lost,  
    In more expressive terms than tongues can  
    boast :  
More eloquently sad than words could flow ;  
    By hunger, by fatigue, disease, or frost  
O'ercome, they sank in the untrodden snow ;  
How, when, or where, we may conjecture, never  
    know.

Nor be forgot their names who earlier sought  
    The path to India through the icy sea :  
Who, scarcely less unfortunate, were brought  
    Oft to endure unto the last degree,  
    Every excruciating form of misery.  
Through dark successive years amid the ice,  
    Shut by precipitate Winter—scarce set free,

Ere yet again closed in its giant vise,  
Which their retreat alike and their advance  
defies.

Fain would my Muse, Barentz, recall the tale  
Of thy disasters, and in verse relate,  
Which neither pride nor envy should assail,  
Nor time oblivious, yield to common fate;  
But fame, immortal fame perpetuate.  
If perseverance in a noble aim,  
If courage can deserve the name of Great,  
Thine to the honour were a juster claim  
Than half of theirs on whom mankind bestow  
the name.

What multifarious risks beset the path  
Of the lone toilers of the faithless sea!  
On them alone Heaven seems to pour its wrath,  
As though regardless of humanity.  
Sport of the wind and waves, perpetually  
At variance with each other and with man,  
To combat nature seems their destiny:  
So various are the ills that fill their span,  
Life seems but born to end in storms as it began.



Strange sights are theirs to behold and contests  
    fierce,  
Of dread sea monsters, which along their  
    course,  
Lurk, ravenous to devour whate'er appears  
    Upon the waters, and with giant force,  
Oft on each other, blinded to remorse,  
Rush in their disappointed wrath, until  
    Receding Ocean bellows round its shores,  
And the red streams their gaping wounds distill,  
The whole adjacent flood with sanguine horror  
    fill.

The insatiate sharks scent the unhappy wretch,  
    Whom slow disease dooms to a watery grave;  
And with instinctive light, from stretch to  
    stretch,  
Follow the tacking ship along the wave,  
    Expectant, till the bloated corpse they crave,  
Is passed into the bosom of the deep:  
    Launched forth—but scarce the oblivious  
    waters lave,  
The hapless clay entrusted to their keep,  
Than through the waves to devour, the cruel  
    monsters leap.

Nor wait less ravenous they, with gnashing  
teeth

To rend the living, whom mishap hurls  
prone

From high aloft into the deep beneath ;

Or whom the ardour of the burning zone,

Through Indian seas, unhaply, tempts alone

To explore, in the refreshing bath, the myste-  
rious gloom

Of the deep waters, silent and unknown :

Whose clearness leads on safety to presume,

And the unhappy wretch, lures to his dreadful  
doom.

Fallacious depths ! unwary confidence !

Mark how the flood, late peaceful and so fair,

Now tempest tost, forth from its womb immense,

Belches its monsters as it were in air.

Prolific depths ! prolific in all rare,

Strange forms of death and danger ; scarce can  
find

Its denizens refuge whither to repair,

Within its vastness from pursuit unkind,

Of foes that roam its waves and haunt its cav-  
erns blind.

Dim lurking in the ocean's weedy caves,  
The unsightly cuttle-fish its breadth extends;  
Until the savage wanderer of the waves,  
Or the less hostile whale, unwary, wends  
Within its giant grasp, when straight ascends  
Each slimy arm, in hideous gesture rolled:  
Contractile limbs, that by a thousand ends,  
The enormous mass grasp with adhesive hold,  
And slowly crush to death within their dreadful  
fold.

Not kinder oft, the seaman's fate—'tis said,  
By those who seek the whale through Arctic  
seas,  
And the vast fields of drifting ice invade,  
And brave the extremes of cold and of disease,  
That oft the many-handed monsters seize,  
The lofty masts and cordage of the ship:  
The slimy arms ascending by degrees,  
On every part, fix their adhesive grip,  
And threaten to o'erturn or sink her in the deep.

Nor the sole terror of the waters this:  
An equal fame the Python's ancient boast:

The mighty, monster serpent of the abyss,  
Still seen, at times, on Norway's boisterous  
coast.

Man's dread, the tyrant of the watery host :  
Tremendous coil, that spans the billows there,  
With neck high arched, in glittering scales  
embossed ;  
Its orbs far gleaming with unearthly glare,  
And the Satanic hiss launched from its tongue  
in air.

Type of the primitive races which appeared,  
When first earth from chaotic darkness  
brought,  
Assumed proportion and became ensphered  
In light and harmony of heavenly thought.  
Then earth, in its excess of ardour, caught  
From force centripetal, upon its face,  
To monsters only yielded mete support,  
And to the gigantic verdure that gave place  
To the less massive growth, at length, of later  
days.

Man then existed only in idea ;  
While through the lapse of ages earth became

Solidified in form, fixed in career,  
And purified by Heaven with flood and flame  
For his reception, until void of blame,  
Held in cœlestial judgment—wisely even—  
Then through the world, went forth the wondrous fame,  
Of a new race upon the earth arriven ;  
Lord of creation styled, by the command of  
Heaven.

Meanwhile on earth huge saurians held the seas  
In dread subjection, while upon the shores,  
The mighty mastodon uprooted trees  
And heaved the mountains with his giant force:  
Earth belched her fires, floods with tremendous course,  
Bore down the hills and leveled with the plains ;  
The deep with vast convulsion bellowed hoarse,  
Heaven deluged all earth with terrific rains ;  
Thus through contentious strife, her power nature maintains.

'Twas then the Pithon, mightiest of the deep,  
Degenerate since in fierceness and in size,

Scaled the vast billows with tremendous leap,  
Bright as the lightning streaming through the  
skies—

All Hell reflected in its glaring eyes :  
Or far extended on the silent flood,  
Shot back the sunbeams in a thousand dies :  
Enormous length, unmeasured magnitude—  
Its fangs and horrid jaws red dyed in dripping  
blood.

Less startled from the clouds the seamen mark  
The mysterious spout descending through the  
air

To meet the column from the waters dark ;  
Then with contorted outline seen to repair,  
Uncertain o'er the waste ; now here, now there ;  
Now silent seeming to uphold the skies—

Then, swifter than terrestrial winds may bear,  
Obedient to the cloud that gave it rise,  
Along the foaming deep, like some vast serpent  
flies.

Woe to the ship whose lot it is to wend  
Within its pathway—death and ruin wait,  
In overwhelming horror to descend

Upon them, powerless to avoid the fate,  
Should the discharge of firearms or less great  
Concussion of some swift-descending force,  
Aimed from aloft upon the deck, too late,  
Fail to arrest it in its headlong course,  
And parting in the deep, sink 'mid the billows  
hoarse.

Who has not heard of Scylla, famed of old ?  
Whose Syrens, dim amid the twilight gloom  
Of Cyclopean rocks, sang, as is told,  
To entice the unwary mariner to his doom.  
Who of the Maalstrom not ! voracious womb  
Of Ocean, thirsting ever to devour :  
Far o'er the deep, the seaman hears it boom,  
And shudders at their fate, whom night's dread  
hour,  
Or tempest, or mishap, have left within its power.

Caught by the whirling current, round and round,  
In ever-narrowing course, the ship is sent ;  
Each time still closer to the vortex wound,  
Till, with a sudden lurch and headlong bent,  
She plunges in the whirlpool's dreadful vent

That hurls her downward to the lowest bound  
Of Ocean, in a thousand fragments rent :  
Amid promiscuous monsters whirled around,  
Whose bellowing mounts to heaven and wakes  
the depths profound.

Disgorgèd by the waters to the day,  
Remote, the débris rises to warn those,  
Whose dangerous avocation leads that way.  
Such are the perils seamen have to oppose :  
Such terrors ocean's unknown depths disclose :  
But e'en these vanish before the kindled wrath  
Of Heaven, who wakes the billow's giant  
throes,  
And mingles air and ocean with its breath  
In wild tumultuous strife, and wreck and hid-  
eous death.

Hark ! hark ! hear how the raging storm,  
In unabated fury thunders round :  
How now it darkens as the clouds re-form,  
And dawn's dim, struggling light in night is  
drowned :  
Yon waves advancing with resistless bound,



Our sure destruction quickly must fulfill,  
If Heaven uplift us not from the profound:  
Omniscient Heaven, omnipotent of will,  
Whose word can raise the storm, whose fiat bid  
be still.

Tired nature sinks submissive to its fate,  
And sleep oppressive on the lids descends:  
Not dangers self can rouse us from the weight,  
Though duty urge, though death itself im-  
pend.

Haste, haste, propitious day; Day who be-  
friends

The rest denied toilers of the sea:

That to the fainting heart new courage lends,  
New faith to trust the dark uncertainty  
Of all-involving doubt, the obscure of destiny.



THE versification of Ossian here given, was written in 1862 or 1863; under the impression, that many persons who have found the remoteness and obscurity of the original text, a barrier to their just appreciation of that great poet, might, perhaps, under the simple dress of a measured versification, be brought to a closer acquaintance and study of his works. In the accentuation of the names, I have followed that course which was most consonant with harmony and the rules of our language.



## FIRST BOOK OF FINGAL.

---

CATHULIN sat by Tura's windy wall,  
When Autumn leaves were rustling in their fall :  
His spear leaned on a rock, in bright display,  
His shield upon the grass beside him lay.  
Of Carbar were his thoughts, whom on the plain,  
His arm had numbered with the mighty slain,  
When ocean's scout, with trembling accents  
came,

The son of Fithil, Moran known to fame.

Arise, Cathulin, said the youth, arise :  
The northern ships lay dark before mine eyes,  
And many a hero mingles with the force  
That follows in the sea-born Swaran's course.

Moran, the blue-eyed chief, replied severe,  
Thou art ever trembling with unmanly fear ;  
Thy terror magnifies the approaching foe,  
And prompts you to relate more than you know.

The ships are those of Fingal, he who reigns  
O'er Caledonia's desert hills and plains :  
In Erin's aid, the King is hither bound :  
Erin for streams and verdant fields renowned.  
Thus spoke the hero, Moran thus replies ;  
I saw their chief himself superior rise :  
Tall as a glittering rock, the spear he held,  
A blasted pine, the rising moon his shield.  
Upon the shore he sat, composed and still  
As a white mist upon the silent hill.  
Great chief, distinguished among men, I said,  
Strong is the force combined in Erin's aid :  
Fame justly thee, the Mighty Swaran calls ;  
But many valiant men are seen from Tura's walls.  
Thus I ; and thus, the monarch answered, grave,  
As some high rock resounding to the wave :

Who in this isle may be compared with me ?  
Feared on the land, renowned upon the sea :  
Not even heroes in my presence stand ;  
They fall to earth before my conquering hand.  
Who but great Fingal, stormy Selma's lord,  
In single combat dares to match my sword !  
In wrestling contest, once our strength we tried,  
In years long past, on Malmor's woody side :

The trees, uprooted, to our feet gave way ;  
The rocks were moved in all their mosses grey,  
And streams disturbed, fled murmuring from  
our side,

Dam'd in their courses and with altered tide.

Three days the equal contest was renewed,  
And heroes, trembling, at a distance stood :

The fourth beheld the King of Ocean low :

So Fingal says, but Swaran says not so.

Let dark Cathulin yield to his command,

Whose arm is like the storms that rule his land.

“No,” spoke the blue-eyed chief, “let it not  
be said,

That I from any mortal ever fled :

The dark Cathulin shall be great or dead.

Go, son of Fithil, take my beamy spear

And strike the shield of Semo sounding clear :

High at old Tura's rustling gate it swings ;

The voice of peace, is not the note it rings :

My chiefs shall hear its echoes with delight,

And clothe themselves in armour for the fight.”

He went and struck the bossy shield, the  
sound,

The hills and rocks reverberate around :

Along the wood the dismal clangor spread ;  
The startled deer by woodland waters fled :  
From the high rock impetuous Curach bends,  
And Connel of the bloody spear attends :  
Fair Crugal's breast with generous ardour burns,  
And from the chase the son of Favi turns.  
" I hear the shield of battle," Ronar cried ;  
And Lugar, " 'Tis Cathulin's spear," replied :  
Son of the sea, thy shining arms assume ;  
In all thy sounding steel brave Calma come :  
Thou, Puno, dreadful man in war arise :  
Bring to our aid thy valour and advice.  
From Cromla's reddening woods let Cairbar  
    wend,

And thou, oh Eth, from Lena's streams descend :  
Nor thou, Caolt, delay to stretch thy side,  
As over Moran's whistling heath you glide :  
Thy side, whose whiteness rivals Ocean's foam,  
When on Cuthon's high rocks its windy billows  
    boom.

. Now I behold the chiefs in all the pride  
Of former acts of valour round me stride.  
Their souls ambitious of the hero's praise,  
Are kindled at the deeds of other days.



Like fiery balls their eyes conspicuous glow,  
Red rolling to behold the hated foe :  
Unto the sword the hand unconscious glides,  
And lightning beams from all their steel-clad  
sides.

They come, as streams down from the moun-  
tains flow,

Each rushing, roaring from its hill of snow.  
Bright in ancestral arms the chiefs appear ;  
Their heroes, dark and gloomy, follow near,  
As clouds that roll tempestuous on the sky,  
When the red meteors before them fly.

The sound of clashing arms mounts from the  
plain ;

The grey dogs howl between in mournful strain :  
Unequal bursts the song of battle round,  
And rocking Cromla echoes every sound.  
On Lena's dusky heath they stand arrayed,  
Like mist that wreathes the Autumn hill in  
shade,

When broken and obscure, it pauses high,  
And lifts its curling summit to the sky.

" Hail," said Cathulin, " sons of the narrow vale,  
Who chase the flying deer through Inisfail !

Another sport draws near, a mighty host,  
Dark as the wave that rolls on yonder coast :  
Ye sons of war, shall we in battle join,  
Or shall we yield green Erin to Lochlin ?  
Oh, Connel, speak, thou first of mortal men ;  
To shields destructive on the battle plain ;  
Oft hast thou met the heroes of Lochlin :  
In arms paternal wilt thou shine again ? ”  
“ Cathulin,” the chief replied with breast serene,  
“ The ancestral spear of Connel still is keen :  
'Tis its delight to shine upon the plain,  
And mingle with the blood of thousands slain.  
But though my hand for battle gives assent,  
My heart, for Erin's sake, on peace is bent.  
Behold thou first, in youthful Cormac's war,  
The sable ships of Swaran on our shore.  
Along our coast their masts a forest make,  
Thick as the reeds that wave on Lego's lake :  
Their snowy sails spread to the winds on high,  
Seem like some mist-clothed forest to the eye,  
Whose trees successive bend as squally winds  
    move by.  
Unnumbered are the heroes of Lochlin :  
The hopes of Connel yet to peace incline.

Fingal himself, the first of mortal men,  
To Swaran's conquering arm would leave the  
plain :

Fingal, whose hand, before it scatters death,  
As stormy winds disperse the withered heath,  
When echoing Cona roars through all her rills,  
And with her clouds, night settles on the hills."

Thus Connel, brave in war, in counsel first :  
And thus, the scornful speech of Calmar burst :  
"Fly to thy silent hills, thou man of peace,  
Where rusts the sword in ignominious ease :  
On Cromla's side chase thou the dark brown  
deer,

And stop the roes of Lena with thy spear.  
But, blue-eyed son of Semo, you who hold  
The chief command of Erin's warriors bold,  
Let Scandinavia's sons be put to flight :  
Roar through their ranks of pride in all thy  
might :

Let no ship from Lochlin's snow-covered shore,  
Bound on the dark blue waves of Inistore.  
Dark winds of Erin, in your strength arise :  
Ye whirling winds of Lara, roar through the  
skies :

In the tempestuous clouds let Calmar then  
Be torn in pieces, by the ghosts of men,  
If ever chase afforded such delight  
As on the field to mingle in the fight."

"Calmar," the Prince of Tongoram slowly said,  
"Young son of Matha, Connel never fled:  
Swift with my friends I followed to the field;  
But small the fame that beams upon my shield.  
In Connel's presence was the battle gained:  
The valiant conquered where my arm sustained.  
But son of Semo, hear my voice; regard  
The ancient throne of Cormac, now thy ward.  
Let wealth and half the land itself be lost  
For peace, till Fingal comes upon our coast.  
Yet if for war, Cathulin, be thy voice,  
War and the gleam of arms shall be my  
choice:

My joy shall be where mingled thousands fight:  
My soul amid the gloom of war grow bright."

"To me," replied Cathulin, "the sound of arms,  
In the red clash of thousands has its charms:  
As when in Spring the thunder rolls through  
heaven,  
And the light sunny showers behind are driven.

Assemble now the shining tribes of war,  
And here conduct, that I may view them o'er:  
Along the heath in order let them form,  
Bright as the sunshine that precedes a storm,  
When the west wind collects the scattered  
clouds,

And Morven echoes over all her woods.  
But where are ye, my friends, ye who sustain  
My arm amid the dangers of the plain?  
Thou generous Cathba, dost thou come no more?  
And thou, Duchomar, dreadful cloud in war;  
And where art thou, oh Furgus, hast thou fled,  
When the dark storm is gathering o'er my head?  
Thou son of Rosa, of our feasts the life,  
And dreadful arm of death in battle strife:  
Down from thy echoing hills why dost thou glide,  
Like some scared roe from Malmor's woody side?  
Son of distinguished Rossa, hail! what shade  
Saddens the soul of war," Cathulin said.

"Four stones," replied the chief, "rise on the  
grave

Of Torman's youthful son, Cathba the brave.  
These hands have laid in earth Duchomar's form:  
That dreadful cloud amid the battle's storm.

Oh Cathba, thou wert like a wandering beam,  
When the sun looks on Erin's glancing stream :  
And thou, Duchomar, valiant son of war,  
Wert like a mist from Lena's marshy shore,  
That moves in Autumn silent o'er the land,  
While thousands fall before its unseen hand.  
Morna, thou fairest of the maids that shone,  
Calm is thy slumber in the hollow stone.  
In darkness hast thou fallen, like some bright  
star

That shoots across the desert, swift and far :  
When lone and tired the traveller winds his way,  
And sees with sorrow the departing ray."  
"Relate," said Semo's blue-eyed son, "relate  
When, in what way, the heroes met their fate.  
Fell they before the warriors of Lochlin,  
Bravely contending on the battle plain ?  
Or who, unto the dark and narrow tomb,  
Has sent the strong in arms to meet their  
doom ?"

"Cathba," the chief replied, "beneath the beam  
Of dark Duchomar fell by Brano's stream :  
To Tura's rocky cave Duchomar came,  
And thus to lovely Morna breathed his flame :

Oh Morna, fairest of the maids of earth,  
Thou who from strong-armed Cormac drew thy  
birth,

Why here within these walls of circling stone?  
What brings thee, Morna, to the cave alone?  
The stream, loud murmuring, rolls along its  
course,

The aged oak groans in the tempest's force,  
Rough lies the troubled lake beneath thine eye,  
And darkly drift the clouds along the sky:  
But thou art like the snow upon the heath;  
Thy hair the mists that round high Cromla  
wreathe,

When from the west, the sun's departing beam,  
Gives to those curling mists a golden gleam.  
Like two smooth rocks, thy snowy breasts appear,  
Which near fair Brano's stream their summits  
rear:

Thine arms seem two white columns to mine  
eyes,

Like those that in Great Fingal's halls arise.

“From whence,” the fair-haired maid replied  
with pain,

“Whence art thou come! oh, gloomiest of men?”

Dark are thy brows, and terrible thine eye ;  
Red as the star of the Autumnal sky :  
Comes sea-born Swaran from the land of snow ?  
Duchomar, say what knowest thou of the foe ? ”

“ Oh, Morna, from the hill Duchomar comes,  
From echoing Cromla, where the red deer roams ;  
Three of my flying arrows felt the pain :  
Three with my bounding hunters have I slain.  
Lovely thine eyes, oh daughter of Cormac, roll !  
To me thou art dearer, Morna, than my soul :  
This day, for thee, I pierced a stately hind ;  
High were his antlers, fleet his feet of wind. ”

“ Duchomar, ” calmly thus the maid began,  
“ I love thee not, thou cold and gloomy man ;  
Hard is thy heart of stone, unmoved by tears,  
And dark and terrible thy brow appears.  
But son of Torman, it is thou for whom  
I pine, thou sunbeam in the day of gloom.  
The daughter of Cormac waits for Cathba here :  
Sawest thou the youth on his hills pursue the  
deer ? ”

“ Long shall fair Morna wait, ” Duchomar  
said,  
“ And many a day, e'er his return, be fled :



Behold this blade unsheathed, here view the  
fate

Of him for whom in vain shall Morna wait.

He fell where Brano rolls its stream in foam :

On Cromla I will raise his stately tomb.

Thou of blue-shielded Cormac, turn thy face,

Fair Morna, turn to meet thy lover's gaze ;

Let thy bright eyes rest on Duchomar's form,

Whose arm is mighty as the bursting storm."

"And is the son of Torman fallen," the maid,  
With wildly bursting voice of anguish, said !

"Upon his echoing hills, lies Cathba low,

Whose generous soul dwelt purer than the snow ;

First in the chase to stop the bounding roes,

And first the sons of Ocean to oppose ?

Oh, thou art dark to me, thou dreadful chief ;

Thy cruel arm has filled my soul with grief ;

Give me that sword, thou man, thou foe severe ;

To Morna, Cathba's wandering blood is dear."

He yielded to the tearful maid's request :

She took, and with the weapon, pierced his  
breast.

Upon the rocky floor, the hero sank ;

As falls some torrent's underminèd bank ;

And thus, with outstretched hand, the maid  
addressed :

“ Oh, Morna, thou in youth hast pierced my  
breast.

Cold is the steel—death binds me in his chains—  
Oh, give to loving Moina my remains :  
The mild, the gentle Moina ; her light  
Duchomar was by day, her dream by night.  
She on my native hills, my tomb will raise ;  
My name live in the hunter’s song of praise.  
But take, oh, take the weapon from my breast !  
Cold is the steel that sends me to my rest.”

She came, in all her tears she came, and drew  
The sword that laid the ghastly wound to view.  
He pierced the maid, her locks spread o’er the  
ground ;

The blood flowed from her side with oozing  
sound ;

Her snowy arms, the sanguine current dies :  
Rolling in death she lay, the cave repeats her  
sighs.”

“ Peace,” said Cathulin, “ to the heroes’ souls :  
Great were their deeds—when battle round me  
rolls,

Let them above me move upon the clouds  
And show their warlike features from their  
shrouds.

Then shall new strength unto my soul be  
given,

My arm sweep like the thunderbolt of heaven.  
But thou, oh Morna, on a moonbeam come  
And dwell around the window of my home,  
When peaceful thoughts, again my bosom sway  
And the loud din of arms has past away.

Now let the strength of Erin's tribes of war,  
Advance to battle on the field before :  
Your valiant ranks my rolling car sustain,  
Rejoicing in its noise along the plain.  
Let three bright spears be placed close to my  
side,

Then follow where my bounding coursers glide,  
That so my soul, strong in its friends may feel,  
When battle darkens round my shining steel."

As the white, foaming torrent, down the side  
Of shadowy Cromla rolls its swollen tide,  
When loud through heaven the jarring thunders  
peal

And dark brown night, sits upon half the hill,

Where the breached storm reveals the sky serene,  
The shadowy features of the dead are seen :  
So fierce, so vast, and terrible to view,  
The sons of Erin to the battle drew.  
Like the leviathan of ocean, whom,  
His billows follow, lashed to perfect foam,  
So does their chief, a stream of valour pour,  
As in his might, he rolls along the shore.

The Scandinavians heard the approaching  
    sound,  
As when a wintry tempest rises round.  
Their chief arose and struck his bossy shield,  
Then called the son of Arno from the field.  
“What murmur rolls along the hills,” he said,  
“Like sound of flies that rise with evening’s  
    shade !

Or Erin’s sons descend in warlike mood ;  
Or rustling winds roar through the distant wood.  
Such sounds from Gormal fall upon the ear,  
Ere the white summits of my waves appear :  
Go, son of Arno, from the hills survey  
The dark face of the heath along yon way.”

He went, but soon returned with rapid stride :  
Wild were his eyes, in terror rolling wide :

Against his side, his heart convulsive beat,  
His speech was faltering, slow, and incomplete.  
“ Rise, son of ocean, chief of dark brown shields,  
The tide of battle rolls along the fields :  
I see the moving strength of Erin’s war ;  
The sounding car of battle rolls before :  
The rapid car of Semo’s son of fame,  
That moves along like a devouring flame.  
As a white wave, ere yet its course is spent  
Against the rocks, the car behind is bent :  
Or like the mist, that settles on the heath,  
When the bright sunbeams with the vapour  
wreathe.

Its sides with gems adornèd, sparkled bright,  
As the still sea around the boat at night ;  
Of polished yew, its beam resplendent shone :  
Its seat is builded of the smoothest bone :  
Of spears, its sides contain an ample store,  
And none but heroes stand upon its floor.  
Before the right side of the car is seen,  
The neighing horse, with high and bushy mane :  
The strong steed of the hills ; his chest is  
broad,  
His stride enormous and his carriage proud ;

His hoofs resound, his mane spreads out above,  
As smoke along the rocks is seen to move ;  
His polished flanks bright in the sunlight flame—  
Sulinsifada is the courser's name.

Before the left of the revolving wheels,  
The snorting steed, the swift son of the hills,  
With head erect and thinly flowing mane,  
And hoof of strength, bounds o'er the trembling plain.

The name Dusronal, the swift courser bore,  
Among the stormy sons of Erin's war.  
A thousand thongs, the car above confine ;  
In wreaths of foam their bits resplendent shine ;  
Thin thongs adorned with gems, with graceful bend,

Along the coursers' stately necks descend ;  
The steeds that sweep along the streamy vale  
As mists that fly before the Autumn gale.  
Wild as the deer, they rush along their way :  
Strong as the eagle darting on its prey.  
Their sound is like the wintry blast that sweeps

Along the snow-crowned Gormal's wooded  
steeps.

High standing in the bright revolving car,  
The chief appears, the strong-armed son of war :  
The blue-eyed, dark Cathulin, known to fame :  
From Semo, King of Shells, the hero came.  
His glowing cheek is like my polished yew ;  
His eye wide rolling in its depth of blue,  
Beneath the dark arch of his brow—his hair  
Flies from his head, like flame upon the air,  
As bending forward in his rapid course,  
He wields the spear with more than mortal force.  
Fly, King of Ocean—like a resistless gale,  
The hero moves along the streamy vale.”  
“When did I fly?” the incensed monarch said ;  
“When from the strife of spears has Swaran fled ?  
Or when, through fear, deprived of self-control,  
From danger shrank, chief of the little soul ?  
I met the storms of Gormal, ’mid the boom  
Of all my raving billows white with foam :  
I met the tempest raging through the sky ;  
Shall Swaran from a mortal hero fly ?  
If Fingal’s self should rise before me here,  
The soul of Swaran should not yield to fear.  
Arise, my thousands, on the battle plain—  
Pour round me like the deep, resounding main :

Around the bright steel of your monarch stand,  
Firm as the rock-bound mountains of my land  
That meet with joy the storms around them  
driven,  
And stretch their dark pines to the winds of  
heaven."

As from two echoing hills Autumnal storms  
Roll adverse forth, approached the heroes'  
forms ;

As from the rocks, two torrents swollen by rain,  
Meet, mix, and roar headlong upon the plain,  
So loud, so rough and dark in battle join,  
The ranks of Inisfail and of Lochlin.

Chief mingles blows with chief, and man with  
man :

Steel rings on steel, and helms are cleft in  
twain ;

Blood bursts and smokes on the ensanguined  
ground :

Loud on the bended bows the strings resound ;  
Darts rush through air, spears fall like arcs of  
light

That move through heaven, and gild the face  
of night.



As the loud roar of ocean when it heaves  
To the storm-breathing clouds its troubled waves;  
As the last peal of thunder rolls on high,  
So mounts the sound of battle to the sky.

Though Cormac's hundred bards in epic strain,  
Had sung the mighty valour of that plain,  
To future times, their voice had failed to relate  
The names of all who there encountered fate:  
For many a hero pressed the ensanguined ground,  
And of the brave the blood poured wide around.

Ye sons of song, mourn in elegiac strain  
The fate of brave Sithallen, early slain.  
Let the fair maid, the chaste Fiona's sighs,  
On the lone plains of her loved Arden rise.  
As in the desert fall two stately roes,  
So fell the chiefs by Swaran's mighty blows,  
When 'mid the thousands of his ocean horde,  
Like the shrill spirit of a storm he roared,  
Which dim upon the northern clouds doth come,  
Rejoicing in the mariner's sad doom.  
Nor slept thy sword ignobly by thy side,  
Chief of the isle, where the blue mists preside:  
For many a hero vanquished by thy hand,  
Cathulin, son of Semo, pressed the land.

His sword smote like the sunbeam which assails,  
With pestilential heat, the silent vales,  
When man is blasted by the baleful beam,  
And all the hills lay parching in the flame.

On fallen chiefs Dusronal snorting strode :  
Sifada bathed his sounding hoofs in blood :  
The battle lay behind them smoking wide,  
As groves o'erturned on Cromla's desert side,  
When o'er the heath, the tempest in its might,  
Has wandered, laden with the ghosts of night.

Let thy grief rise, oh, maid of Inistore,  
Upon the windy rocks that gird thy shore :  
Bend o'er the waves thy head while grief  
distills,

Thou, lovelier than the spirit of the hills,  
When in a golden beam of light it moves  
At midday over Morven's silent groves.  
Pale on the battle-field thy youth is laid :  
He fell, pierced by the dark Cathulin's blade.  
No more shall valour and the love of praise,  
To match the blood of kings, thy hero raise :  
The graceful Trenmore, ended there his days,  
Oh, maid of Inistore—his dogs at home,  
Howl as they see their master's spirit come :

His bow is in the hall unstrung—no sound  
Of chase is heard upon the hills around.

As roll a thousand headlong waves upon  
The rock-bound coast, so Swaran's host came on :  
As meet the rocks a thousand billows so,  
The ranks of Erin met the approaching foe.  
Death mounts in all his voices from the field  
And mingles with the sound of sword and shield.  
Like two dim, distant columns, the heroes stand ;  
Each with a brand bright flashing in his hand.  
From wing to wing, the field re-echoes round,  
As when a hundred wielded sledges pound  
On the red anvil's face—but who are they,  
Which there on Lena's heath dispute the day ?  
Dark and obscure, like two black clouds they  
seem :

Their swords flash like the lightning's sudden  
gleam :

The little hills to their foundations quake :  
Enduring rocks in their grey mosses shake.  
None thus, but sea-born Swaran, king of storms,  
And Erin's car-born chief dispute in arms.  
With anxious eyes and with suspended breath,  
Their friends behold them dimly on the heath ;

But night upon the heroes now descends  
In all her clouds, and the dread contest ends.

On Cromla's shaggy side, the nightly feast,  
Dorglas prepared, when now the strife had ceased:  
The slaughtered deer, the fortune of the bow,  
Ere from the hill, they marched to meet the foe.  
A hundred youths collect the odorous heath :  
Ten warriors light the crackling flames beneath :  
The polished stones three hundred others found ;  
The savoury repast smoked wide around.

Cathulin thus, he, whose supreme control,  
The assembled chiefs obey, resumes his soul.  
His beamy spear, the hero made his rest,  
And to the grey-haired bard his words addrest :  
To Carril of other days, Kinfina's son :

“ Is this feast spread for Erin's chief alone,  
While on our shores the king of ocean dwells,  
Far from his hills and sounding hall of shells?  
Rise, aged Carril, and my words convey  
To Swaran, whom the boisterous seas obey :  
Tell him that here, far from the roaring waves,  
His feast, Cathulin, chief of Erin gives :  
Here let him listen to our murmuring woods,  
While night envelopes us about in clouds ;

For cold and bleak descends th' Autumnal breeze  
Along the white foam of his native seas.

Here let him give the trembling harp its praise,  
And listen to the songs of other days."

Old Carril went, and thus in words expressed,  
With mildest voice the king of shields addressed :

"Arise, great monarch of the wood-clothed land,  
Rise from thy skins, the trophies of thy hand ;  
Cathulin gives the joy of shells alone,  
And bids thee share the feast of Erin's blue-eyed son."

Like the sullen sound from Cromla's wooded side,

Ere yet the storm descends, the chief replied :  
" Though all thy fairest daughters, Inisfail,  
With pleading arms, my purpose should assail,  
Their heaving bosoms pour in melting sighs,  
And mildly turn on me their loving eyes ;  
Fixed as the thousand rocks that gird Lochlin,  
With breast unmoved, here Swaran should remain,

Till the red beams of early morn shall come,  
To light me to Cathulin's certain doom.

Soft to the ear of Swaran is the breeze,  
That from Lochlin comes rushing o'er my  
seas :

It speaks aloft in all my whistling shrouds,  
And to my soul brings back my native woods ;  
The leafy groves that wave on Gormal's side ;  
Which oft to roaring winds have echoed wide,  
As through their depths I chased the savage  
boar,

And dyed my spear red in his streaming gore.  
Let dark Cathulin's hand this day resign  
To me the right of Cormac's royal line,  
Or from their hills his streams shall roll their  
tide,

Red foaming, in the blood of Erin's pride."

The monarch's words, the bard of other  
days,

With feeble step to Semo's son conveys :

"Sad is the voice of Swaran," Carril sighed ;

"Sad to himself alone," Cathulin replied.

"Oh, Carril, raise thy voice in song and tell,  
What deeds of worth in other days befel :  
With song the tedious hours of night relieve,  
And move again the silent joy of grief :

For many a chief in Erin, many a maid,  
In scenes of love and war their parts have played  
And lovely to the ear, the songs of woe,  
That from the rocks of Albion frequent flow,  
When sounds of chase are o'er and to the voice,  
Of Ossian, Cona's many streams rejoice."

"In other days," said Carril, "came the host  
Of Ocean's warlike sons to Erin's coast :  
A thousand ships to Ullin's lovely plain  
Came bounding o'er the white waves of the main.  
The sons of Inisfail, in arms to oppose  
The race of dark-brown shields, united rose ;  
His buckler Cairbar, first of heroes, bare,  
And Grudar in his stately youth was there.  
Long for the spotted bull, that lowing throve  
On Golbun's echoing heath, the heroes strove ;  
With equal warmth each claims the doubtful  
prize,  
And death, oft threat'ning, at their swords'  
point lies :  
But side by side the heroes trod the field  
When war arising called to sword and shield ;  
In emulation of his rival's slain,  
Each fought till fled the strangers o'er the main.

Whose name upon our hills among the known,  
Than Cairbar's or than Grudar's fairer shone?  
Alas! that e'er on Golbun's echoing heath,  
To inflame desire, the rampant bull should  
breathe ;

White as the snow they saw him course the  
plain,

And all their former wrath arose again.

On the green banks of Lubar's noisy flood  
They met, and Grudar fell red in his blood.  
Fierce Cairbar, to the vale returning, came  
Where lovely Brassolis nursed her hidden flame :  
She, who late fairest of his sisters shone,  
Now poured the flowing song of grief alone.  
She sang the youthful Grudar's generous deeds,  
For whom with secret pain her bosom bleeds.  
Upon the field the youth she mourned, yet still  
Hoped his return safe to his native hill.  
White from her robe her snowy bosom rose,  
As from the cloud at night the pale moon shows,  
When just its edge looks from their skirts anew,  
And darkness still obscures the rest from view.  
Her voice was softer than the harp to raise  
The song of grief that oft bedewed her face :



Her soul was fixed on Grudar, he alone  
Claimed every thought, and from her look out-  
shone.

‘When shalt thou come, my love, bright in  
thine arms,

Thou, mighty ’mid the battle’s loud alarms?’

‘Take, Brassolis,’ fierce Cairbar came and said,

‘Take, Brassolis, this shield in blood dyed red ;

Fix it on high within my hall that so

I may behold the armour of my foe.’

Her tender heart rushed to the maiden’s side ;

Distracted, pale she sought him far and wide :

The youth she found, cold in the arms of  
death—

She found him, but to die on Cromal’s heath.

Here rests their dust, Cathulin ; yon yew’s lone  
form

Springs from their tomb and shelters from the  
storm.

Fair moved the lovely Brassolis on the plain,

Nor Grudar stately trod his hill in vain.

The bard in song shall still preserve each name,

And to succeeding times hand down their  
fame.”

“Pleasant is thy voice, O Carril,” said the chief  
Of Erin’s slumbering host—“well canst thou  
weave

The words of other times, that softer flow  
Than April’s gentle showers on fields below,  
When thro’ the mist the sun looks on the vale,  
And clouds fly lightly over hill and dale.

Oh, strike the harp in praise of her, my love,  
Who in Dunseaith doth like a sunbeam move :  
Bragela, she the spouse of Semo’s son,  
Whom in the isle of mist I left alone.

Dost thou raise thy fair face from the rocks, oh  
love,

To watch Cathulin’s sails on ocean move ?  
Far o’er the deep the windy billow swells—  
’Tis the white foam deceives thee for my sails.  
Retire, my love, night lowers her sable shroud,  
And the dark winds sing thro’ my hair aloud.  
Go to my halls, there let thy thoughts be cast  
Upon the joyful scenes of days now past.  
I’ll not return until the storm of war  
Has ceased, and peace in Erin dwells once more.  
Oh, Connel, speak of arms, of battles tell,  
And from my mind the thoughts of her dispel ;

Stately the daughter of Sorglan moves, and fair  
With her white bosom and her flowing hair,”

He said, and Connel, grave of speech, replied :  
“ Guard well thy force, Cathulin, on every side ;  
Send forth thy spies beneath the shade of night  
And learn the strength of Erin’s gathered might.  
I am for peace until the embarkèd force  
Of warlike Selma lands upon our shores ;  
Till Fingal, like the sunlight, on our plain  
Shall shed thè glory of his arms again.”

The hero struck the shield of war’s alarms,  
And sent the night-watch forth arrayed in arms :  
The rest along the desert heath reclined,  
Slept on their shields beneath the dusky wind.  
Dim on the dismal clouds, that rolled o’erhead,  
Were seen the shrouded ghosts of recent dead,  
And through the night from Lena’s silent heath,  
Came the far, feeble voice of spectral Death.

END OF BOOK I.



## OCCASIONAL PIECES.

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### S P R I N G .

Lo! where smiling Spring approaches,  
Over hill and vale and plain ;  
And with cheerful step encroaches  
On the scene of Winter's reign.

To the land of storms, the regions  
Round the dark and dreary pole,  
See ! the monarch's warring legions,  
On the clouds tempestuous roll.

Through the scattered mists, Apollo,  
Smiles upon the ravaged land ;  
And the balmy south winds follow,  
And the dormant germs expand.

Sounds of streams melodious flowing,  
Rise upon the gentle gale :  
And the voice of cattle lowing,  
Echoes through the lowly vale.

Bright through fields the grass is springing ;  
Woods their green resume again ;  
Through their shades the birds are singing,  
Sweetly warbling their refrain.

But though Spring displays each treasure,  
That to bliss should win the heart,  
She scarce brings to me a pleasure,  
And I only bid her part.

Through the new-leaved groves I wander,  
Melancholy oft and lone :  
Oft by stream in silence ponder,  
On the happier periods gone.

Thus it is, each season present,  
For the next we sigh again,  
Which may even prove less pleasant ;  
Prove our hopes are but in vain.

## TO FLORENCE.

WHY is it that I contemplate,  
Without emotion, \* \* 's form,  
While thy sweet smiles my soul elate  
And bid my breast with rapture warm!  
Is it because philosophy,  
Indifferent has rendered me  
To outward charms,  
And fortified my breast with steel  
Against the woes which others feel,  
From Cupid's arms?

It may be, for though I admire,  
The heavenly form of beauty, still,  
Not as an object of desire,  
But as a mark of Nature's skill.  
To virtue sole does she impart  
The key of access to my heart :  
Hence though I rest,  
Undazzled by fair \* \* 's rays,  
The slightest beam that lights thy face,  
Inflames my breast.

## TO F.

1852

WHEN from our sky the sun retires,  
And dimly burn the solar fires,  
How fondly memory turns again  
To the mild Summer's brighter reign ;  
And lost amid her flowery maze,  
Unconscious of the present strays ;  
Nor hears the dreary winds without,  
Though loud the tempest howls about.

So, Florence, when afar from thee,  
My soul inclines alternately  
'Twixt hope and fear, and every day  
That still to absence adds delay,  
Seems a long month, each month a year,  
Till hope is almost lost in fear.

Then, Fancy paints again thy face,  
In all its varied lines of grace,  
Till the fair likeness grows to me  
More real than reality :  
And hope renews again its fire,  
And doubt and fear at once retire.



TO F.

1852

SOLILOQUY.

BLEAK blows the wind from Labrador,  
And dark the tempest looming ;  
But the clouds will soon pass o'er,  
And brighter days be blooming.

Soon will Spring, with mantle green,  
Deck the earth around us ;  
And the hand of May serene,  
Break the chains that bound us.

How unfortunate, if then,  
In the flush of freedom,  
Winter should return again,  
Nakeder than Edom !

Could her spotless robe retain  
Her from violation,  
Whom the world has served with pain,  
Since its first creation ?

## TO S.

LIKE thee, unto some quiet vale  
Where Peace and Virtue love to dwell,  
    How pleased would I retire !  
Surrounded there by nature's works,  
My time divide 'twixt fields and books,  
    And Phœbus' tuneful choir.

He who pursues a business life,  
Is ever plunged in care and strife  
    As in the vast abyss,  
Where every straw a hope creates,  
And every grasp that hope defeats,  
    And sinks the fancied bliss.

His credit with the stocks doth rise ;  
With these it fluctuates and dies ;  
    His numerous friends desert ;  
Ruin with awful front draws near,  
While Pride still thunders in his ear,  
    And Want tugs at his skirt.

He most enjoys the sweets of life,  
Who, like the bee that leaves the hive  
    To roam the flowery plains,  
Forsakes the turmoil of the town,  
The courts of justice, desk, and gown  
    For nature's blest domains.

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## TO ITALY.

1855

How long shall Superstition sway,  
    With iron rule the minds of men?  
How long shall Truth and Virtue lay  
    Bound captive in her galling chain?  
Oh, ye degenerate sons of Rome,  
Is there no period yet to come,  
    When ye will dare to raise the head  
And grasp the sword your fathers wore,  
Shake off the heathen dust of yore,  
    And lay the tyrant dead?

Behold the spot where Brutus stood,  
    When he to Rome her freedom gave!

Behold where Pompey shed his blood,  
His country and his friends to save !  
Here Cato in the face of power,  
Checked mad *Ambition's* coming hour :  
Here Cicero opposed the tide  
Of horrid faction—Will ye yet  
To a worse slavery submit,  
Than to avoid, they died ?

Ah long shall Liberty in vain  
Call upon Rome's degenerate son ;  
Long weep o'er her neglected fane,  
And point to the fields her arms have won  
Ere yet a Cato shall arise  
To bid his countrymen be wise :  
Ere yet a Brutus dare proclaim  
Against the tyrant and the throne,  
And show the world that there is one  
Yet worthy of the Roman name.

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### THE EVENING STAR.

BRIGHT star of evening, when thy ray  
Crowns the last lingering light of day,

To thee I turn my pensive eye,  
And grief and pain and passion fly :  
Passion, if love's ethereal flame  
Be not included in that name ;  
For oh thy rays, fair Venus, then  
Kindle my soul with love again.

I think while thus I calmly gaze  
Upon thy soft far-beaming rays,  
My own dear Florence's eye may be,  
At the same moment turned to thee :  
Perchance the same thoughts from her lyre  
Give vent to love's impassioned fire ;  
She thinks how now I gaze on thee,  
And feels the same sweet sympathy.

And why, if it may not be so,  
Why feels my heart this sudden glow,  
And trembling in my bosom seems  
The confirmation of my dreams ?

Has not the immortal soul the power,  
In the short compass of an hour,  
Nay, in an instant, to behold  
What ages laboured to unfold ?  
And may it not have power to pry  
Beyond the vision of the eye,

And witness oft that which takes place  
E'en in the distant realms of space?  
Oh tell me not it has not—no,  
Still let me feel that it is so,  
And still believe those signs betray  
What the soul knows, but can not say.

---

### MAN AND NATURE.

THE works of nature are but types of man ;  
When first in Paradise our race began,  
Man, blest with youth perpetual, knew not  
The cares and sorrows of his present lot.

Then Spring, the only season of the year,  
Produced at once the germ and golden ear :  
The bow that bore Pomona's ripened fruit,  
Likewise displayed the flower and springing  
shoot.

Our youthful pleasures, manhood's strength of  
mind,  
And age's wisdom were at once combined :  
Old age, disease, and death were then unknown,

And Summer, Autumn, Winter, all were one.  
No Leo frowned upon him from the sky ;  
No Sirius gazed with pestilential eye.

But when our race increased and grew in sin,  
Then did our present troubles all begin :  
Slow at the first, and by degrees they came,  
As God with man found greater cause of blame :  
Then youth soon fled, and manhood came with  
cares,

And old age followed with its silvery hairs ;  
Death from the elemental strife arose,  
And to the life of man first put a close :  
Then, too, the solar system changed its plan,  
And all the varied seasons then began :  
The change at first though slight and scarcely seen,  
At length grew what it is and long has been :  
Then first mankind beheld with curious eye,  
The zodiacal signs along the sky,  
And felt the influence which each shed in turn,  
The fiery Leo and the watery Urn :  
The moon, the bright companion of the earth,  
Like woman, lost somewhat her lustrous worth ;  
At greater distance rolled her giddy race,  
And spread a pallid coldness o'er her face.

## TO THE SOUTH.

PEOPLE, to your homes return,  
Till in peace your native soils.  
Why with martial ardour burn?  
Why so vainly hope for spoils?

Peace alone can quiet bring,  
And a happier state restore;  
From her laws new rights may spring,  
None will be obtained by war.

War produces only strife,  
And the land with terror fills:  
All its fruits are ills of life,  
And how numerous those ills!

Who shall keep your slaves subdued?  
Who your villages from fire?  
Who provide your families food,  
And your naked troops attire?

Soon our arms your lawless chief  
To allegiance shall lead,



And though with fraternal grief,  
Make your rebel armies bleed.

Wisely then, your schemes resign :  
Turn while peace may still be had :  
Gladly turn from a design  
Which the world considers mad.

---

### TO THE NORTH.

PEOPLE of a race who fought  
For the freedom of your name,  
Men who by their valour bought  
An undying right to fame,

Shall the Muse be doomed to record,  
How that liberty which cost  
Many a conflict with the sword,  
By your apathy was lost ?

Rather born to Arctic climes,  
Let her unremembered grieve :

Rather these disastrous times,  
Wholly to oblivion leave.

But not such the task assigned  
To the historic Muse's lyre,  
For there lingers still behind  
Some remains of ancient fire.

An uncertain sound of tongues,  
Breaks the stillness of the air ;  
And from adamantine lungs,  
Comes the message to prepare.

Lo ! our youth now rush to arms,  
Emulous of fame in store :  
Ready to leave pleasure's charms,  
To encounter toils of war.

Scott shall lead them to the plain  
Where unfading laurels blow :  
Scott, who curbed with iron rein,  
The vain pride of Mexico.

Hero of an hundred fields,  
Still new glory waits thy name :

Lo! Columbia's Guardian yields  
To thy hand the soldier's fame.

Fourscore years have only shed  
On thy locks their honoured hues:  
And that age when most have fled,  
Adds but wisdom to thy views.

With what honours shall we crown  
Thy new claims to gratitude,  
Not unworthy of the renown  
Thou shalt reap in this sad feud?

Thou already hadst obtained,  
By thy deeds in Mexico,  
Every wreath that yet remained  
For thy country to bestow.

---

TO FLORENCE.

HAD I unhappy Tasso's lyre, thy fame,  
Though less than what thy worth may really  
merit,

Should cause succeeding times to blush with  
shame,  
That they no equal virtue should inherit.  
While earth pursued the course the fates de-  
clare it,  
So long thy reputation should endure,  
And only brighter grow as time should bear it,  
For bright examples in an age obscure,  
Still fairer seem with time and as the world  
grows pure.

But ah ! this lyre of mine discordant grown,  
With graver themes long wandering among,  
Can ill assume the mild, the dulcet tone,  
With which thy worth and beauty should be  
sung.

Yet practice may perfect us, and if young,  
The Muse is courted, she rewards the pains  
Of him whose lyre in her sweet service  
strung,  
No labour deems severe so that it gains,  
In time, the dear reward which for the few re-  
mains.

This is the poet's solace, this the light  
Which guides him on when least he feels secure ;  
And from his breast dispels the gathering night,  
And brightens where before all seemed obscure :  
'Tis this alone that leads him to endure  
Uncompensated years of midnight toil,  
And lights within his breast a flame too pure  
To be confined within the grovelling coil  
That binds the souls of most, amid earth's cares  
to moil.

Such may it be to me ; such has it been,  
As on aspiring wing I sought my way  
Through the dim shades of vague, historic scene,  
Or through imagination's brighter day :  
And oh ! what toils shall daunt me if the pay  
Of unrequited time thy approval be ?  
For well I know that reason's heaven-born  
ray,  
And thy heart's natural sincerity,  
Will weigh each part aright and temper thy  
decree.

But since my lyre is all unfit to sing

The praise which to thy generous worth is due,  
To my sad flame let me attune each string,

And whisper how that flame was caused by you.

And oh ! be not offended if too true

I paint the glowing feelings of my soul :

For love acknowledges no bounds, and few  
Have felt so well the force of its control,  
As those whom thy sweet face and sympathies  
enroll.

Oh, that the world were like thee, then indeed

I could be happy, happy in my love :

Nor long for other Paradise instead ;

Too blest in this to aspire to aught above.

But all can not be perfect and to prove,  
The biased judgment of that world is mine :

Its kind applause I dare not hope to move :  
To me a dearer far reward were thine,  
And all were valueless, if that could not be mine.

E'en the world's enmity to me were naught,

If thy bright smiles might always beam on me,  
And kindle all my soul into chaste thought,

Thou, the sweet burden of its minstrelsy :  
For oh ! to roam the flowery fields with thee,  
Where blindest nature all her skill displays,  
And drink the bliss of love and liberty,  
And teach the groves to whisper thy just praise,  
Were dearer far to me than fame's unfading bays.

For what were fame without thee, could my soul  
Enjoy those beams which no kind ardour shed,  
To drive away the clouds that round life roll  
And cast their shadows o'er the path we tread ?  
Time was, when I could willingly have fled  
To the deep solitude of some lone isle :  
In nature's lap, to rest my weary head,  
And bask beneath the sunshine of her smile :  
Of pleasure and of fame, alike careless the while.

But man needs some companion of his way ;  
Some gentle friend in whom he may confide,  
To soothe the griefs that in his bosom lay,  
And share the pleasures of life's sunnier side.  
In solitude the heart can not abide ;  
For love, the only charm of life expires,  
In the recluse, if it be not supplied

With the supporting breath hope lends its  
fires ;  
And e'en hope dies amid the ash of its desires.

There are who tell me that my countenance  
Grows older in appearance every day ;  
No longer ardour kindles in my glance ;  
The buoyancy of youth has passed away :  
They need not tell me that my hair grows  
grey,  
Or wonder that my once gay spirits sink :  
I know, I feel too well the sure decay ;  
But ah, they know not whence this change, nor  
think,  
Their interest is but gall unto the cup I drink.

They know not, that it is thy loveliness,  
Thy virtue, noble spirit, that have fired  
My breast with feelings that were never less  
Than love in Tasso's wounded soul inspired,  
When he to Leonora sang and she admired,  
And wished the period might not be so near,  
When they should part, she as the event  
transpired,



Soon to forsake the trials of this sphere,  
He to return to weep their fate in dungeons  
drear.

Oh, Tasso, when those prison doors were closed  
Upon thy back, how felt thy aching heart ?  
Didst thou not seem by all the world opposed,  
And in an agony of tears start  
To think that it should take such active part  
In thy distress ; that world which thou hadst  
thought,  
Through all thy life to please by thy sweet  
art ;  
That art which the Muse taught thee, seldom  
taught ;  
Yet oft, without her aid, too often vainly sought ?

But ah, those feelings are no longer thine :  
The grave has swallowed up thy troubles, and  
Thy spirit dwells with Leonor's shade divine,  
By the still waters of some heavenly strand.  
Oh, that thy fate were mine, that in that land  
In endless bliss with Florence I might stray :

The same sweet Florence still, for why demand,  
The heavens aught of change in that which they  
Have formed so near divine and not of common  
clay?

And is it wrong to wish that we might be  
Borne up to be united in that land,  
This moment born, if such divinity,  
Could rescue thee from Death's relentless  
hand?

Death were to me but as a grain of sand,  
'Gainst an eternity of pleasure weighed,  
And gladly would I rend myself the band  
That binds me here to wander in the shade  
Of life's uncertain joys, if by such bliss repaid.

---

#### TO THE NYMPHS.

How oft, ye Nymphs, I've told my tale  
Unto your sympathizing ears;  
How oft, alas! without avail  
Have moved you with my burning tears.

Ye took compassion on my pain,  
And gathering round me while I stood,  
Your lyres took up the mournful strain,  
And breathed it through the leafy wood.

And said ye not, that when my love  
Should wander through your shades again,  
Her cold reserve ye would reprove,  
Till she compassionate my pain?

But ah, scarce does her gentle foot  
Press the brown leaves that strew the grove,  
When ye with admiration mute,  
Forget me and neglect my love.

Yet how can I reprove you, when,  
If but my lady cometh nigh,  
Myself, bound by some secret chain,  
Can only gaze, can only sigh.

---

T O F.

FAREWELL, my Florence, couldst thou feel  
How deep a pang those words impart,

Thy modesty would scarce conceal  
The feelings of thy heart.

I know that heart responsive beats,  
To the same touch that thrills my own :  
I know that every chord repeats  
The echo of love's tone.

But oh, I can not, would not ask,  
Thy future to be linked with mine,  
While doomed to the ungrateful task  
Of seeking fortune's shrine.

Yet say, fair maid, if fate should guide  
My bark to this loved isle again,  
With every modest want supplied,  
Which reason would obtain,

Say, wilt thou wait to share with me  
The sunlight and the shade of life,  
In some spot sheltered from the sea  
Of the world's ceaseless strife?

Oh, gently, if thou dost consent,  
As well I know thy heart would yield,

How bright a ray of hope were lent  
To guide me o'er life's field.

What toil should weary then the arm  
That rose to effort for thy sake?  
What danger fill me with alarm,  
If thine the cause at stake?

---

## TO NEPTUNE.

OH, Neptune, to thy care consigned,  
While we our devious path,  
Along thy watery realm wind  
Subject to all its wrath,

Grant that thy billows may not rise,  
Our progress to oppose ;  
But locked in slumber's calm embrace,  
May guard their anger close.

And ye, ye winds, with gentle breath,  
Waft us upon our way,  
From these dark, cloudy realms of death,  
To fields of brighter day ;

To that fair isle whose bracing wind  
And genial sun inspire,  
Sweet health and buoyancy of mind  
And loftier desire.

---

### A U T U M N .

THE brightest season of the year,  
Is when the forest leaves grow sere :  
When Autumn comes with varied hue  
To paint the landscape all anew.

In Iris' many coloured bow  
She dips her pencil to and fro,  
Till all the parts blend with each other  
And harmonize one with another.

How beautiful the landscape seems,  
The fields, the woodlands, hills, and streams,  
All glowing in their russet hue,  
Beneath a sky so calm and blue.

When Spring puts forth her tender buds,  
And the young leaflets fringe the woods,  
I think, how bright would life appear  
Could Spring be with us all the year :

And when the Summer in its prime  
Brings back the golden havest-time,  
And every wheel of action glows  
With nature's great, pulsating throes,  
Then, too, life, like a golden beam,  
Glides swiftly down on pleasure's stream :

But Autumn sheds a softened light  
That warns us of the approaching night :  
It is the twilight hour of life  
That soothes and quiets all our strife :  
That hour when least we love to part  
With the dear objects of the heart.  
A softened sadness seems to invade  
Each scene of mingled light and shade ;  
As though it were expressly given  
To lead our quiet thoughts to heaven.

---

#### TO THE ZEPHYRS.

OH ye winds, have I in vain  
Breathed my passion and my pain  
Unreservedly to your ear,  
And, alas ! ye would not hear ?

When that passion swift and strong  
Bore my yielding soul along,  
Then my words ye seemed to say,  
Ye to Florence would convey.

Why, when sorrow dim'd my eyes,  
Why did ye repeat my sighs,  
And remove the starting tear,  
If, alas! ye did not hear?

Ah! it is the fault of love  
To imagine every grove,  
Every wind must sympathize  
With the grief that fills its eyes.

---

TO THE NAIDES.

FLY, oh sea-green sisters, fly,  
Swiftly to that emerald isle  
Where the light of Florence's eye,  
Sheds the radiance of its smile.

There upon your silver lyres,  
Bright with ocean's fairest pearls,  
Of my soul's consuming fires,  
Breathe amid her auburn curls.



Tell her all that I now feel ;  
That the wound which I endure,  
Never could another deal,  
Never can another cure.

Bid, oh bid her gentle ears  
Heed the zephyrs' whisperings,  
For they bear my burning tears,  
And my sighs upon their wings.

---

## T O M O T H E R .

THOUGH dulcet zephyrs every day  
Around these emerald islands play  
Through all the year,  
And the green foliage of the grove,  
And the sweet cushet's notes of love,  
Are always here ;

Though luscious fruits may tempt the eye,  
And nature all man's wants supply  
Through every stage,  
And time no change of seasons know  
But 'neath the sun of Summer glow,  
From age to age ;

What charms have these can compensate  
For thy dear presence, left of late  
Through some ill star!  
To me these, wealth and fame appear  
As trifles now no longer dear  
Since thou art far.

Alas! what folly bid me leave  
Thee, dearest parent, when so brief  
A time remained,  
In which I could enjoy thy light,  
And cares, in some degree, requite,  
For me sustained!

---

#### TO A SWALLOW.

HAIL! gentle swallow, kindly come  
To greet us on our way,  
From whence fair Cuba's mountains loom  
And fields of azure lay:

But tell me, in thy lofty flight,  
Hast thou beheld the wrath

Of tempests gathering in their might  
Along our future path?

Ah ! no, thy gentle tale portrays  
No dangers brooding nigh :  
But only breathes of halcyon days  
And winds that sweetly sigh.

---

#### PAST AND PRESENT.

FAIR Spring with all her balmy breezes comes :  
The hills in all their moss grow green around :  
Through field and bower the bee industrious  
hums :

The vales with herds and bleating flocks re-  
sound.

Again the flowers enamel o'er the ground ;  
The streams flow sparkling to their native sea :  
Through every grove the sylvan choir abound,  
And pour their notes of love and melody :  
All nature wakes to life ; to light and joy  
save me.

Such scenes, such sounds could once impart delight,

And still it pleases to recall again :

The visions of the past are always bright ;

To me the present is a death of pain.

Oh who would wish to live this life again !

To buy its pleasures with such misery !

Some there may be, some who with less disdain

Can turn its trifles to a source of glee :

I can not envy them their mind's felicity.

---

### A W I S H .

OH for the blest, the joyful day,

When I may leave these walls of clay,

Where all that's low and sordid join

To banish every thought divine.

Through shadowy groves, through fields of  
green,

Where Heaven in every leaf is seen,

Where every blade of grass displays

At once its wondrous skill and praise,

My chief delight it was to stray  
At morn, or at the close of day,  
And with the mute creation raise  
My thoughts to Heaven in silent praise.

There I could spend hour upon hour  
In admiration of God's power:  
Nor past one moment such in vain,  
Since to the mind each brought its gain.

I loved to wander by the stream,  
When Autumn's mild, ethereal beam  
Shed a soft sadness o'er the scene,  
And drew us from the things had been ;  
Drew us to higher, holier thought ;  
To things that here on earth are not.  
And when the end approached at last,  
And the fair seasons all had past,  
A brighter vision rose before,  
Where change and death should be no more,  
But Spring, unclouded, rule sublime  
Through an eternity of time.

---

## TO J.

THEY ask me to forget my home,  
And praise this sunny land ;  
That spot where memory loves to roam  
With childhood hand in hand.

And though it wrings a pang from life  
To think of home elsewhere ;  
Where fortune lays our fields of strife,  
Our interest should be there.

And I for thee, will love this land,  
Nor long for other spot ;  
'Tis bliss to me where thou art, and  
'Tis pain where thou art not.

Yes, lovely does this land appear  
Where constant summer reigns ;  
Where birds sing sweetly all the year,  
And wild flowers deck the plains.

Oh, who would change it for that clime  
Where blighting winds prevail,  
To blast the harvests ere their prime  
And every floweret frail !

That land whose forest-clothed hills,  
Through half the circling year,  
Are shrouded deep in snow, that chills  
Each bud into despair;

Whose streams their silvery murmurs cease,  
In icy chains confined,  
Till Spring again comes to release  
Them with its balmy wind.

There, blighted by the wintry breath,  
Each pulse of life grows still:  
Till nature seems entombed in death  
And every object chill.

The gentle songsters of the grove,  
From woodlands brown and sere,  
In milder climes to breathe of love,  
Fly with the fading year.

Hither the swallows annual roam  
To pass the swift-winged hours ;  
Here Philomelia makes her home,  
'Mid blooming Winter bowers.

Upon its restless wing the bee  
Pursues its swift career ;  
And fragrant honey from each tree,  
Doth gather all the year.

How lovely are the soft blue skies  
Of this fair land of ours !  
How bright the rainbows that arise,  
With the departing showers !

Oh, softly sighs the wind that breathes  
From Flora's fragrant groves ;  
Or through the jasmin's tangled wreaths,  
And broad-leaved plantain roves.

Though poor the fields we till may seem,  
Compared with other lands,  
The gentle shower, the tropic beam,  
Change them to fertile sands.

What if no rugged mountains rise,  
Or hills the scene to vary,  
Or sweetly babbling brooks surprise  
The traveller, parched and weary ?



We miss all these, 'tis true, yet find  
On these scarce-wooded plains,  
A balmy softness in each wind,  
Unknown where Winter reigns.

You bid me seek for fame elsewhere,  
And leave this land of flowers :  
Its bright blue skies and balmy air ;  
Its fragrant orange bowers.

But do you not know that I come  
To lead the Muses here ;  
Here to erect their winter home,  
Their genial shades to rear ?

'Tis in the sunny clime that best  
They love to pass the hours :  
In Araby's spicy groves to rest,  
And stray through fields of flowers.

They fly from storms and wintry wind ;  
From fields and forests bare :  
From gulfs in icy chains confined,  
And snow-fields' dazzling glare.

I know a brighter clime than this ;  
A land of mountains blue :  
Of verdant fields and streams we miss,  
And skies of lovelier hue.

There the majestic palms uplift  
Their radiant heads on high ;  
And every fruit and flower, the gift  
Of nature, meets the eye.

But ah ! where Liberty lies enchained,  
The Muses languish there :  
They fly from groves by strife profaned,  
And Bigotry's baneful air.

Here let us hope the tuneful Choir,  
Contented will remain :  
Their humble votary here inspire,  
To raise the undying strain :

Till fortune shall reverse the doom  
Of that fair Paradise :  
And bid the tuneful Muses come,  
And Liberty arise.

## TO J.

AGAIN the rosy-footed Dawn  
Walks radiant through the east ;  
The dew-drop trembles from each thorn,  
And sparkles in the light of morn,  
Upon the rose's breast.

She comes with sound of lowing herds,  
And from each nodding grove,  
The voices of the happy birds,  
In language sweeter far than words,  
Pour forth their tender love.

And fairer than the rosy dawn,  
Thy smiles, dear lady, are :  
And though of keenest sorrow born,  
Than dew-drops on the rose or thorn,  
Thy tears are brighter far.

But oh ! when like the lucid brook,  
Thy soul in music flows,  
The unwritten language of love's book,  
The heart, in every tone and look,  
In every action glows.

And dear to me it is indeed,  
To feel that I, alone,  
May claim, oh love's delightful meed,  
That volume's secret thoughts to read,  
In gesture, look, and tone.

---

TO J.

OH for wings to fly with thee  
To that land beyond the sea,  
Where the Spring's perpetual reign,  
Fair as Eden clothes the plain.

Here we live in discontent ;  
Every aspiration pent,  
Close and closer with each year,  
In the mind's contracting sphere.

What is there that we should love  
These wild, desert scenes above  
Verdant fields and mountains blue,  
Streams and skies of lovelier hue !

Scarce a warbler of the grove  
Whispers here its tender love :  
Here no fruits and flowers are found  
As in that fair land abound :

Nature, with a sparing hand,  
Deals her blessings to this land,  
And in vain our cares are spent  
To induce her to relent:  
Every effort proves in vain,  
All our labours without gain:  
Haste, oh hasten then with me  
To that land beyond the sea.

---

## TO J.

ONE day when from misfortune flying,  
I wandered on an unknown coast,  
And hope's fair beacon light was dying,  
And friends and all to me seemed lost,

A tender maiden bright in childhood,  
With all its simple, winning ways,  
Came to me from the neighbouring wild-wood,  
With joy and sunshine on her face.

She tried to lighten all my trials  
And kindle hope's fair flame again;

And a sweet balm from Christian vials,  
Poured to relieve my aching pain.

And soon, oh soon, her wiles succeeded  
In driving all my cares away ;  
And but one wished-for bliss was needed  
To seal that sweet recovery.

One little word, one kind assurance,  
That never from me would she part ;  
But stay to lighten still life's durance  
With her sweet, Heaven-bestowed art.

But ah, the Heavens, my prayers unheeding,  
For her had other cares in store ;  
And soon her sunlight form receding,  
Left me pleading on the shore.

She left me pleading, but when going,  
Gave to me her playful coon,  
With the assurance in bestowing,  
That she would reclaim it soon.

Ah, how little I surmised,  
That the bright-eyed little thing,

Was but Cupid's self-disguisèd,  
And would soon be on the wing.

To my bosom close I drew it,  
To defend from outward harm,  
And ere yet I scarcely knew it,  
Love had breathed in me his charm.

When the little urchin left me,  
And I felt love's glowing heat,  
Then I knew all peace bereft me ;  
Laughing, saw the whole deceit.

But return, oh I beseech thee,  
Gentle maid, to ease my pain ;  
Or with kindly words to teach me  
Liberty of heart again.

---

### TO FLORIDA.

YE desert scenes, ye thriftless sands  
Of Florida, farewell :  
When fortune points to fairer lands,  
Why should we longer dwell ?

Farewell, and if some passing hours  
Of pleasure here were found,  
We only think of them as flowers,  
Whose thorns have left a wound.

Let here the orange and the lime  
In sweetest fragrance blow,  
For those who find thy balmy clime  
A refuge from their woe.

To them indeed thou mayst become  
An earthly Paradise ;  
And all thy desert wastes yet bloom  
Through toiling man's device.

Yet labour adds not here of pain  
Unto his sum of toil.  
It pours a balm through every vein,  
And in his wounds an oil.

Then let him come and here enjoy  
That blessing which when gone,  
Of all our pleasures leaves alloy,  
And life itself undone.



May other lands to us extend  
A welcome as sincere,  
Who while we leave thy shores, a friend,  
Can shed no parting tear.

---

## T O I D A .

THOSE little foot-prints in the sand,  
How much they told to me ;  
As sad and lonely in that land,  
I traced them on the wave-worn strand  
And thought of thee.

Of thee, whose gentle voice alone,  
Could bid me then be gay :  
And in whose childlike features shone  
The expression radiant of one  
Then far away.

I thought of thee, and as I past,  
The midday sun rolled on :  
The gathering shadows lengthened fast,  
Till from the western verge at last,  
The orb its farewell shone.

Then homeward bent, I traced my way  
    Along the winding shore :  
The rocks were there, the sands, the bay,  
But those dear foot-prints, where were they !  
    The waves had wandered o'er.

Ah, thus it is, I thought, in life ;  
    The attachments which we form,  
Are flowers too delicate to thrive  
Amid this world's incessant strife  
    They perish in the storm.

---

#### TO FATHER.

WHAT strange fortuity is this  
    That seems to urge me on,  
Always in sad misfortune's train,  
In search of visionary bliss,  
    To follow still through grief and pain,  
    From land to land, from zone to zone !

Happier thy lot, my aged sire,  
    Though 'mid ingratitude

Prolonged and many a year of toil,  
Not to have known the strange desire,  
That drives me from my native soil,  
And all that's dear, in search of good.

Happier thy lot, whose love can find  
One spot to call its own :  
Where every grove has known thy grief  
And whispers to the sighing wind,  
Of aspiration's blighted leaf,  
Of flowers that have not blown.

Ye desert sands, have ye not drank  
Often the tears that fell  
For disappointments not my own ?  
Ye streams that by the palm-clothed bank,  
Wander through solitudes unknown,  
My grief can ye not tell ?

And ye are witness, too, how oft  
I would have drowned in tears  
The fever of an anxious brain ;  
Did but that solace, sweet as soft,  
To my own sorrows still remain,  
From the wrecked hopes of other years.

## TO MOTHER.

THIS land is but a vale of tears,  
In which we roam from stage to stage,  
Scarce dreaming of the flight of years  
Until bowed down with age.

In life's young morn we only see  
The golden sunlight of our way:  
The shadows are vacuity  
Where little sunbeams play.

Then hope grows with the budding flower,  
And with the year's maturing fruit,  
Reaps the rich harvest every hour  
Of satisfied pursuit.

But when the days of Autumn come,  
And the bright sunbeams grow more rare,  
The shadows seem to fill their room  
With substance as it were.

The place which hope within us held,  
As hope wanes with the passing flowers,  
By resignation then is filled,  
Born of the fading bowers.

That spirit which shall keep life green,  
When leaf and bloom alike are gone,  
And we survey in its gay scene,  
The reality alone.

And why should childhood not behold  
This world in all its brightness shining ;  
And as the clouds of life unfold,  
See but the silver lining ?

But as our boat floats down the stream,  
And leaves behind the flowery meadow,  
Then on our pathway let the beam  
Be intermixed with shadow :

And let the growing silence bring  
A sadness to the inner spirit,  
To wean us from each earthly thing,  
To heaven which we inherit.

Soon will the stream grow broad and deep ;  
The dangerous rapids soon be gone :  
And though amid the gloom we sleep,  
The flood shall bear us on.

And why should the aged helmsman turn  
Dismayed to gaze on shades around?  
Why in the heaven-born spirit yearn  
For that that's past to sound?

Should life not be gladdened by the glow  
That lies upon the stream before ;  
That light from the land to which we go,  
Where sorrows are no more ?

Oh, yes, soon will the river meet  
The gulf that laves that heavenly strand,  
Where a fair bridge for trusting feet,  
Its waters dark hath spann'd.

Those who have found the stream of life,  
And washed the stain of sin away ;  
Those who have not, amid the strife  
Of waters, shall sink from day.

But, Mother, I know, when the time is at hand,  
I know that you will pass safely o'er  
That bridge of Faith, to that beautiful land,  
That waits you on that shore.

And my soul flows forth in burning tears,  
When I think that I may not be there,  
To watch when your boat in the river appears,  
And fly to meet you through air.

Yet I know there are two, at least, who will wait,  
When the sign of your coming is now at hand,  
To lead you safe through the golden gate  
That enters that blissful land.

Dear Mother, you are farther down the stream,  
And our boats, they are wandering wide apart ;  
But my spirit flies to you in its dream,  
And your image is in my heart.

I am still in the rapids, striving still  
To guide aright the frail canoe ;  
And the waves seem at times about to fill,  
Or the rocks to dash it through.

But what is that ! Is it a beam  
Of hope that shines from yonder shore ?  
Mother, you are farther down the stream,  
Oh, tell me, can you see the light before ?

## WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

1872

WHEN Autumn, with her pensive train,  
Returns to rule the sadden'd year,  
And silence holds extended reign  
O'er field and forest sere ;

If, then, through lonely woodland ways,  
Where modest flowers retiring bloom,  
Chance should conduct thy thoughtful pace,  
Till sadden'd with the gloom ;

Then wilt thou pause, perchance, to recall  
The cherished friendships of the past,  
Which, like the fading flowers of Fall,  
Were born too fair to last.

But time, which hallows e'en our woes,  
Shall hallow friendship's sacred spell,  
Like fragrance of the withered rose,  
Fond memory round it dwell.

Oh, then, if when thy thoughts return  
To dwell with the departed hours,



And memory gathers in her urn,  
Affection's scattered flowers,

If then, one thought shall rise to impart  
A halo to these sadden'd days,  
One wish be mine, within thy heart,  
To find one vacant place.

---

## IN THE SAME.

1872

WE meet on earth to part, a little while,  
To know each other, than to know no more :  
To cherish friendship only to exile,  
And find an aching void unfelt before :  
A void time may not fill, till on the shore  
Of Far eternity, Heaven shall again,  
The parted reunite, the lost restore :  
If this is all of solace left our pain,  
Though this be all, hope hath no higher end to  
attain.

## TO A FRIEND.

Feb. 15, 1878

OH, for the days of youth again,  
That I might win thy heart :  
That I might love without the pain  
Of feeling we must part.

Alas ! how often fate ordains,  
Their lives disjoined to run ;  
In whom a kindred spirit reigns ;  
Whose sympathies are one.

Our sunlight and our shadows blend,  
But on our path to sever :  
Our mutual joys and loves soon end ;  
Our hopes go out forever.

And must it still be mine to dash  
The sunlight from my way,  
Lest hope should build too idly rash,  
Build but to see decay ?

I will not ask to win thy heart,  
I only ask to love :  
Mine be the pain if thus we part,  
Thine joys anew to prove.

## TO THE SAME.

May 20th

BEAUTY, thou hast adorned with grace,  
The gift of nature not of art :  
And thought's fair gems glow on thy face,  
Born of a kindly heart.

But Heaven bestowed not on thy form  
Thy varied charms so soon to be  
Lost in wild fashion's ceaseless storm,  
Or life's monotony.

Thou art young, and life is full of hope,  
Yet time flies ever onward fast ;  
And while we seem to mount the slope,  
The summit may be past.

Then waste not thou thy precious years  
In worthless pleasure's vague pursuits ;  
Or wandering through the vale of tears,  
In search of bitter fruits.

Yet let not wild ambition lead  
Thine impulse to excel astray,  
Lest thou too broadly scatter seed,  
Or reap the barren way.

To know our chiefest forte should be,  
To anticipate the reward of toil :  
To reap from vague uncertainty,  
Our future's richest spoil.

---

[WRITTEN IN A COPY OF TASSO. 1878.]

COMPANION of my wandering years,  
Thou treasure of the laureled dead,  
From thee I part not without tears,  
Which manhood well may shed.

Through many a land and distant clime,  
When wandering, often lone and sad,  
How didst thou speed the flight of time,  
And make my bosom glad ?

So may thy page beguile the hours  
Through life, of this fair maid to whom,  
I give thee with the budding flowers  
Of friendship's future bloom.

Oh may her mind find that delight  
Which I in thee have ever found ;

And with the poet lift its flight  
Above life's trivial round.

Farewell, thou justly cherished page ;  
Thou that didst have the magic power,  
In grief my bosom to assuage,  
And brighten joy's glad hour.

Dear wouldst thou be to me indeed,  
Shouldst thou direct her generous aim :  
To the Pyerian fountain lead ;  
To laurel wreaths of fame.

---

[FROM THE STRAY LEAVES OF M. J. C.]

EMOTION.

DEEP in the human bosom lie  
The springs of feeling that supply  
Emotion's strangely checkered stream :  
And though so small and weak they seem,  
Like the small pebbles in the lake,  
The sea of life each helps to make.

Yet who would think so small a stone  
Cast in the waters, one by one,  
Would cause the lake to overflow,  
Did not experience prove it so?  
And thus it is with life's full cup:  
Little emotions fill it up.

The mention of a friend or foe,  
The bird's sweet song of joy or woe,  
Or fragrance of some well-known flower,  
Or wild bee humming through the bower,  
Often create emotions strong  
That sweep the yielding soul along:  
Sensations which the heart may feel,  
But can not unto others tell:  
And joy and pain in turn supplies  
The origin from whence they rise.  
But often anger, often hate,  
Or dark revenge predominate.

---

## T W I L I G H T.

M. J. C.

BEHOLD! the sun sinks in the west  
Behind the golden clouds that rest

Upon the verdant hills, yet ere  
He terminates his bright career,  
A moment lingers on the bound,  
And pours a mellow warmth around.

Calm twilight with her softened shades,  
The fading landscape now invades:  
No more the herd lows on the hill;  
And sounds of bleating flocks grow still:  
Through all her voices nature sleeps,  
Save the low note the cricket keeps.

Now, while the peaceful twilight lasts,  
And midday's sun no longer casts  
Its fiery beams, nor evening dews  
The poison through our veins infuse,  
With nature let us walk alone,  
And learn her many ways unknown;  
While all is still, ask heaven to bless  
Our dream of future happiness.

How kind an act it was of Heaven  
That this sweet hour of rest is given  
To all of nature's works, behold!  
The flowers their fragrant petals fold:  
How lovely in their sleep they seem,  
Like fairy objects of a dream;

And see ! the bee re-seeks its hive,  
And the industrious ant its cave.

Upon the labours of the past,  
Our serious thoughts now let us cast ;  
Resolve our many faults to mend,  
And ask that Heaven the light may lend,  
Through all the paths that lead astray,  
To guide us still in virtue's way.

Now, to some friend we may impart  
The joy or sorrow of our heart ;  
And undisturbed by worldly strife,  
Plan bright the warp and woof of life.

The hour is lovely, but behold !  
While round the scene our glance is rolled,  
The softened hues of twilight fade,  
And yield to evening's deeper shade.  
Night comes and darkness gathers round :  
Let the harp cease its pleasant sound.

[END.]













MAY 7 8



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